

Last Gasp



2 90-PAGER

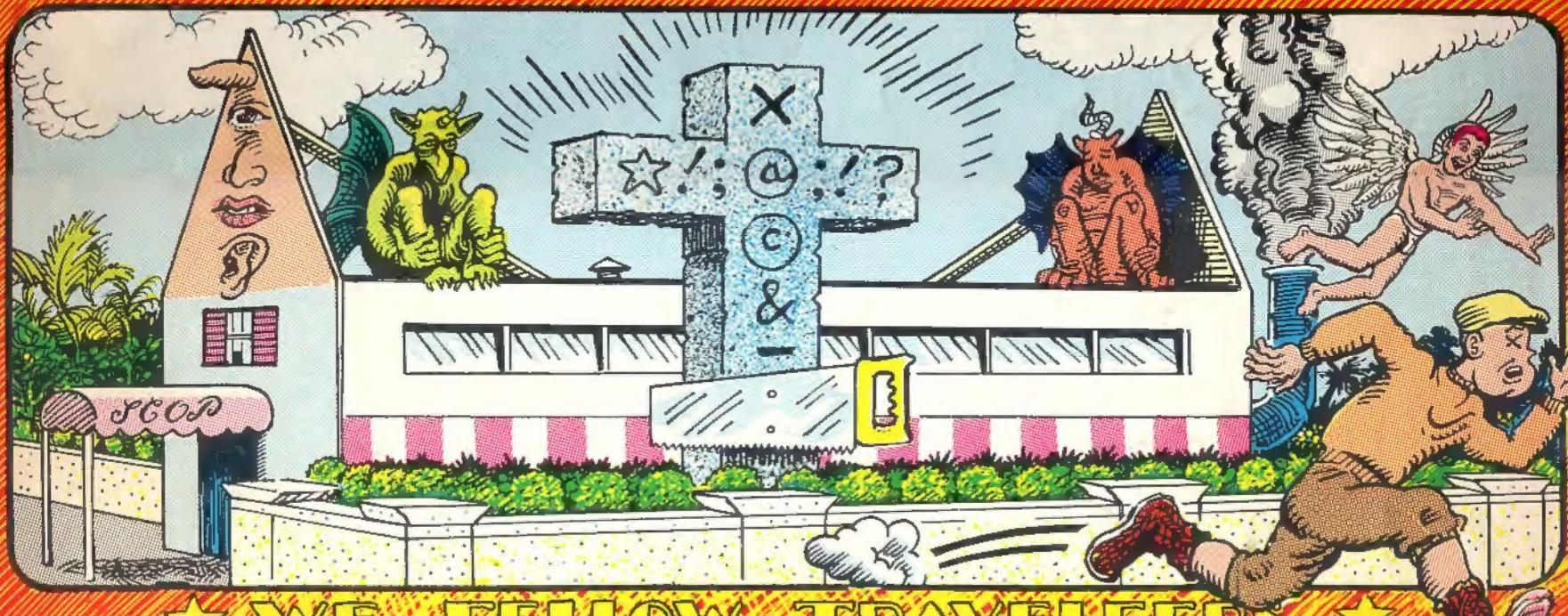
PROVE YOU  
ARE AN  
ADULT.

JUMBO

\$2.00

# SACRED AND PROFANE

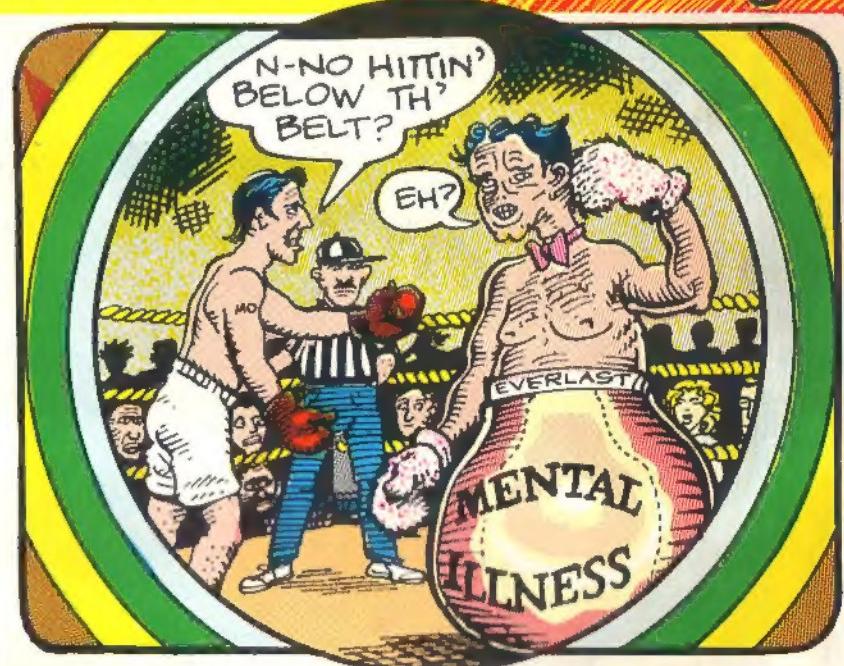
BY JUSTIN GREEN



★ WE FELLOW TRAVELEERS ★  
the Complete Serial

Plus

Pillar of Sanity  
**BINKY BROWN  
RETURNS!**



ADDITIONAL FEATURES



Fiction Debut of  
Tim Barrett

&

A few precious  
Reprints

and

A VIEW OF THEM PURGATORY GATES



MORAL AND VENIAL COMIC STORIES

GIMME A BREAK,  
WOULD YA, POPS?

THE CRUCIFIX IS A  
GREAT CORPORATE  
SYMBOL - YOU CAN  
SPOT 'EM MILES AWAY

BUT

I JUST CAN'T GET "COMFY"  
AROUND ONE. GUILT, FEAR,  
SEXUAL REPRESSION, AND  
JUST PLAIN MORBIDITY ARE MY  
HABITUAL RESPONSES TO THE  
GENERAL IDEA OF CHRIST  
IMPALED ON A CROSS.

I WOULD PREFER TO SEE THE INSTRUMENT OF HIS TORTURED DEATH AS BEING  
A NECESSARY COMPONENT IN A SYMBOLIC PROCESS THAT UNFOLDS TOWARDS  
A CONSTANTLY-RECURRING RESURRECTION. SO HERE'S HOPING THAT THE  
NOBLE READER WILL COME CLOSER TO UNDERSTANDING THE TRUE SPIRIT  
OF THE CROSS AND THE ESSENCE OF THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS UNHAMPERED BY  
SECTARIAN DOCTRINE. IF THE CURSE TO BE LEVIED ON ME FOR TAMPERING  
WITH SACRED STUFF IS THAT ALL THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT COMING FROM MY  
BLASPHEMOLIS LIPS WILL REGISTER AS BABBLE IN THE EARS OF MY FELLOW

HUMANS, THEN MAY THEY  
GAIN KNOWLEDGE THROUGH  
THE INVERSE METHOD OF  
DISSECTING THE LIES &  
FALLACIES I HAVE MANU-  
FACTURED IN MY FLIGHT  
FROM A MISPLACED DI-  
VINITY WHICH LEADS TO  
IDOLATRY AND SUPER-  
STITION. I ONLY WANTED  
TO UNDERTAKE THE RE-  
SPONSIBILITY OF USING  
THIS MUTANT ARTFORM  
FOR AN EVOLUTIONARY

MOTIVE, THOUGH I'VE  
HEARD THAT "THE  
ROAD TO  
HELL IS  
PAVED WITH  
GOOD INTEN-  
TIONS."

CENTRAL!  
WE GOT THE  
AUTHOR PIN-  
POINTED!



### "A TOAST"

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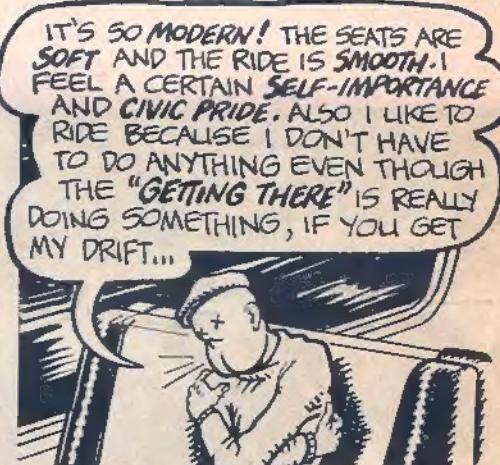
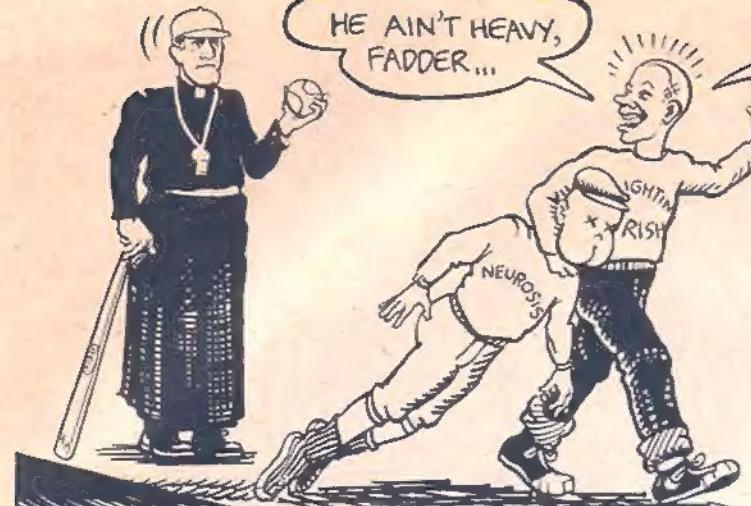
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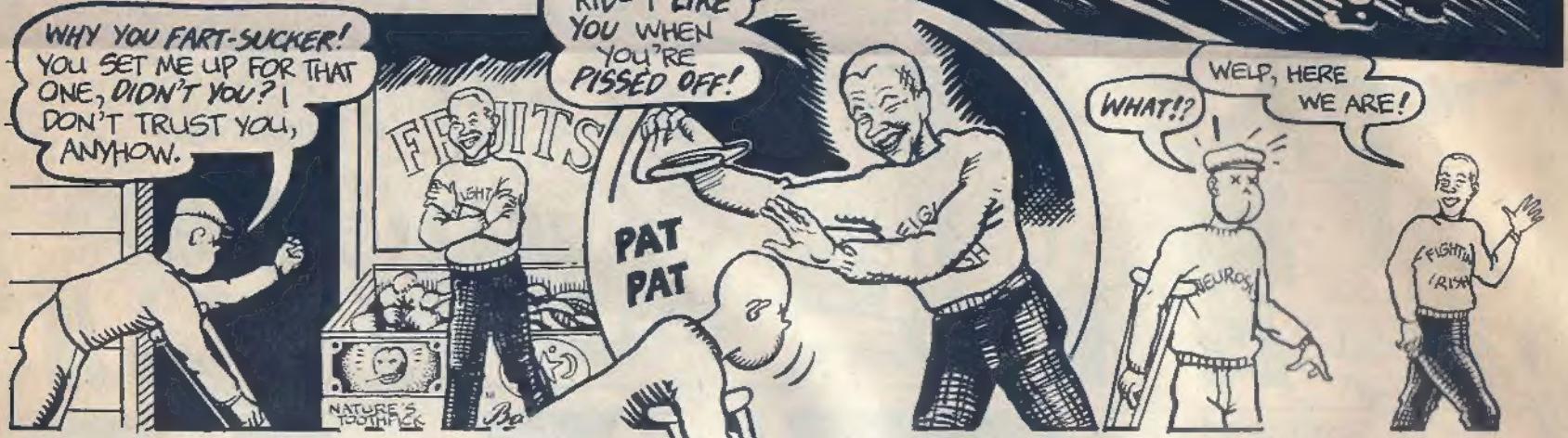
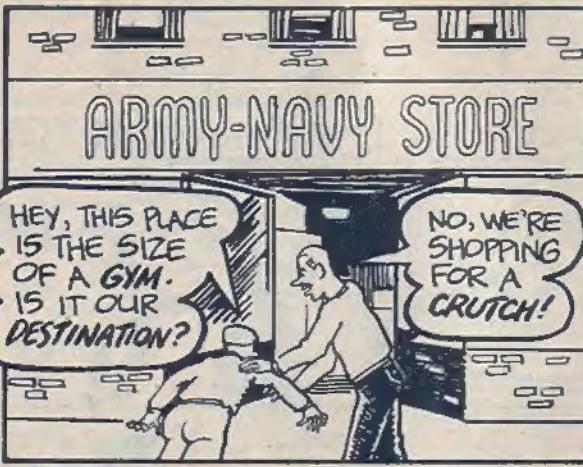
*A cordial nod to Sol Brodsky (no relation to "UNCLE SOL") and  
Denis Kitchen for courtesy extended in reprinting material from  
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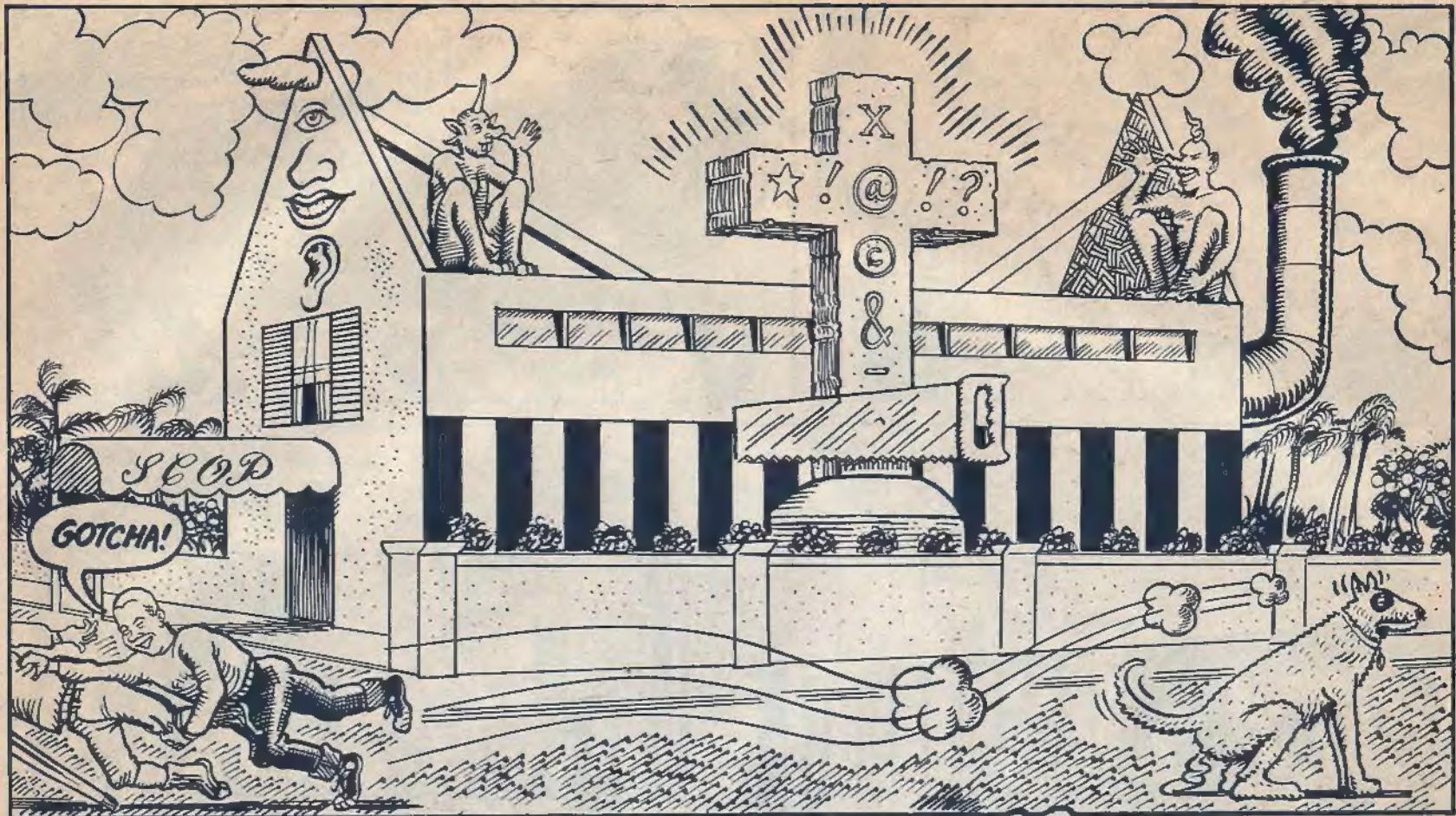
*Above photo snapped by Keith Green. Last, but not least, this work  
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A genuflection to Ron Turner for encouragement and support.*

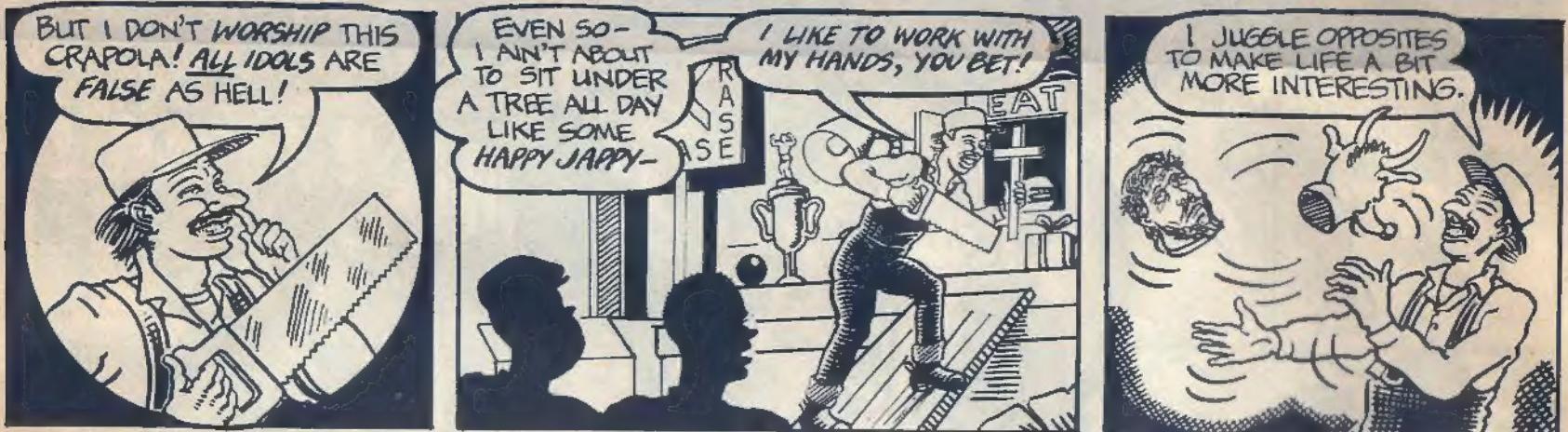
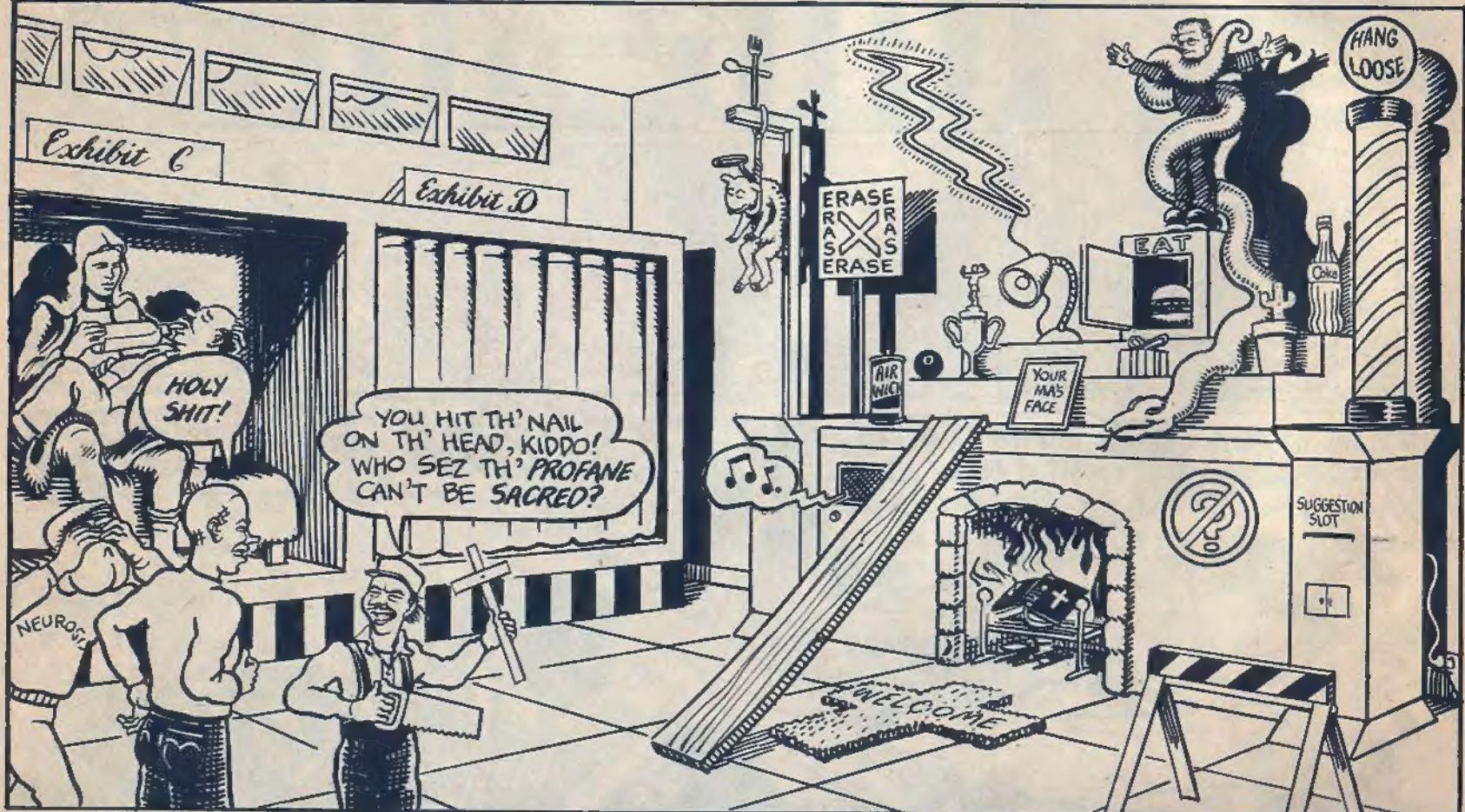
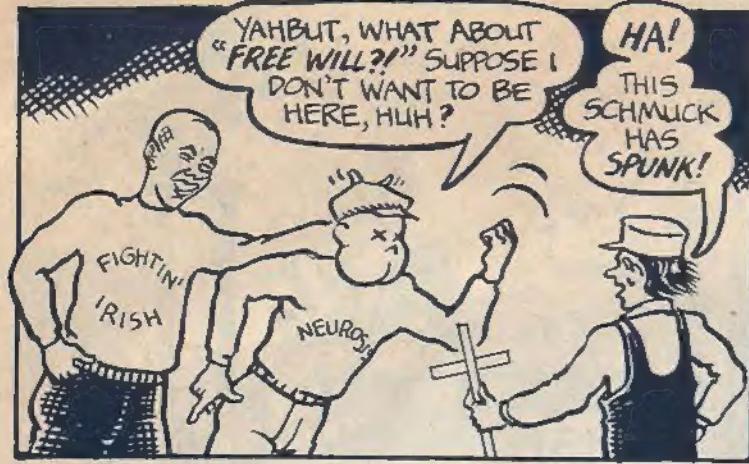
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WITH LOVE TO NANCY GRIFFITH  
BINKY BROWN

# We Fellow Traveleers









GIUSTIANO C. VERDE'S

# BATHOS PLAYHOUSE



READ IT AND WEEP.

EARLY IN THE SEASON I WAS  
CONSIDERED HOT-SHIT BECAUSE  
I COULD THROW FURTHER AND  
FASTER THAN MOST ANYONE.



COACH

AFTER A BRIEF STINT ON THE  
MOUND I GAINED A BAD REP  
AS A "WILD PITCHER" AND WAS  
FARMED OUT TO RIGHT FIELD, THEN  
LATER TO THE DUG-OUT.



SISTER VIRGINIA DEFECTED FROM THE  
CHURCH. SHE SHOWS UP ONE MORNING  
IN STREET CLOTHES. POP THOUGHT SHE  
SHOULD MEET MY BASEBALL COACH,  
A GREEK, JUST BECAUSE SHE WAS  
GREEK. THERE WAS A GAME SOON.



IT WENT CLEAR OVER THE BATTING-CAGE  
INTO THE STANDS, HITTING AN OLD MAN  
COLD. AN AMBULANCE HAD TO COME  
TAKE HIM AWAY AND I WAS BACK ON  
THE BENCH FOR THE EVENING.



PETE, I'D LIKE YOU TO  
MEET THIS EX-NUN,  
A GREEK,  
WHO USED  
TO BE  
"RESIST-



SO HERE WAS MY BIG CHANCE. I FINALLY GOT A  
GROUNDER, THE FIRST TIME I'D TOUCHED  
OFFICIAL HORSEHIDE FOR WEEKS. WITH ALL  
MY MIGHT, I HURLED IT IN THE GENERAL  
VICINITY OF HOME PLATE LIKE A HERO!



I TRIED TO QUIT SOON AF-  
TERWARDS, BUT WAS SOME-  
HOW TALKED OUT OF IT.  
I'M T-TURNING  
IN MY RAFFLE  
TICKETS N'  
UNIFORM, SIR.



I NEVER SAW SISTER VIRGINIA AGAIN. I SPENT  
THE REST OF THE SEASON ON MY ASS, MOSTLY  
IN REVERIES OF THE NEW TAIFUNS THAT HAD SO  
MAGICKALLY SPROUTED THAT AUTOMOTIVE YEAR, '55.



AN INTERESTING, THOUGH  
IRRELEVANT, SIDE-LITE TO  
THIS TALE IS THAT MY POP  
PERSONALLY SERVED THE  
"KING O'SWAT," BABE RUTH  
HIMSELF, A HOT-DOG WHEN  
HE WAS BAT-BOY FOR THE  
CHICAGO WHITESOX IN '22.

INCIDENTALLY, TH' BABE  
WAS A RIGHT-FIELDER,  
ADDING A TOUCH OF MAJESTY  
TO THE LOWLIEST POST A  
FELLOW CAN PLAY IN THE  
OUTFIELD.



I OFTEN WONDERED  
WHY I BELONGED TO  
LITTLE LEAGUE, SINCE  
I HAD TO SELL RAFFLE  
TICKETS IN DOWNTOWN  
CHICAGO, WEARING MY  
UNIFORM, YET.

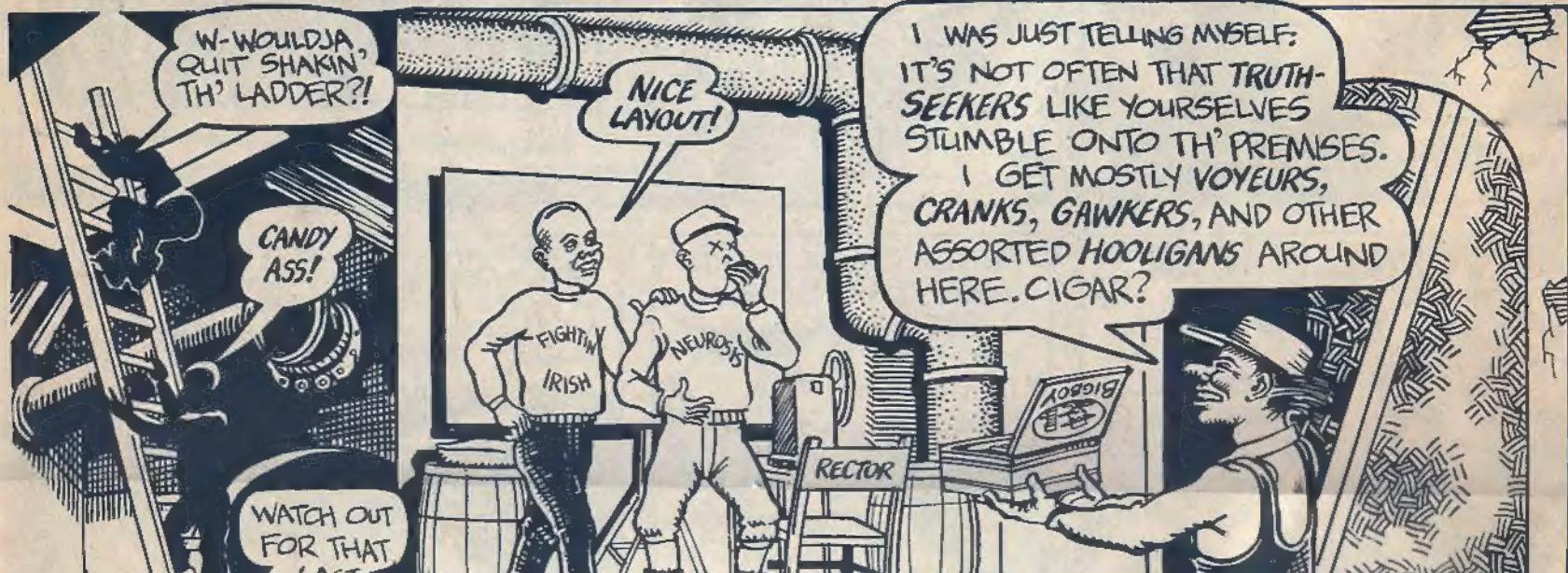
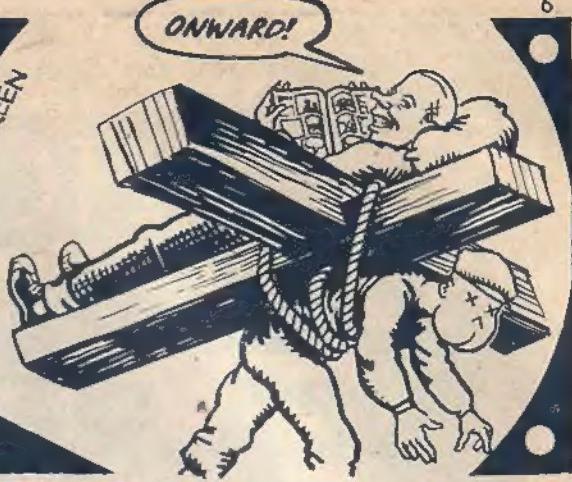


# WE FELLOW TRAVELEERS part 2

THE LADS WERE LAST SEEN POKIN' AROUND THE "SAW-CHURCH OF PROFANITY" CHATTING WITH AN IMP WHO SEEKS TO BE IN CHARGE.

JUSTIN GREEN

ONWARD!



I TRIED TO GET VINCENT PRICE TO NARRATE, BUT I COULDN'T AFFORD TO PAY UNION SCALE, SO I HAD TO DO THE JOB MYSELF.

AS YOU KNOW, JESUS, A NICE JEWISH BOY FROM NAZARETH, WAS FRAMED A COUPLE OF THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

IT'S AN OLD STORY, BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN BIG BOX OFFICE.

A JUDCO RELEASE

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY HANDY JUD MCMLXXIV

# The Cuss-Cross and its Saw

TO THIS DAY, FOLKS CRY OUT HIS NAME WHEN THEY'RE UNDER STRESS.

THERE'S MORE TO THE STORY THAN MEETS THE EYE. AFTER ALL, THERE HAVE BEEN MUCH MORE SPECTACULAR ATROCITIES SINCE.

TO ALL THOSE MEMBERS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION WHO WOULD PREFER TO FORGET ABOUT THIS BLOODY SPECTACLE: GOOD LUCK!

JESUS CHRIST! I COULD'VE SAVED \$14!!

THUD



SOME PLOP ALONG IN VOCAL SUFFERING, DEAF TO THE PERSISTENT CRIES OF A VOICE TRAPPED IN THEIR BAGGAGE.

THE CROSS IS A MYSTERY THAT'S PRETTY HARD TO UNRAVEL — AN ETERNAL "WHO DONE IT" YOU MIGHT SAY.

IMAGINE YOUR SURPRISE WHEN YOU FIND OUT YOU'RE THE CULPRIT!



THE MORE YOU GRIPPE, THE LONGER YOU'VE GOTTA SERVE TIME.

AN IMPORTANT CLUE IS THAT CHRIST'S OLD MAN BAILED OUT ADAM AND EVE WITH THE BLOOD OF HIS SON.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET SPRUNG FROM THE JOINT. YOU GOTTA SAY THE MAGIC WORD.



TO DIGRESS FOR A MOMENT, NO TWO PEOPLE CONJURE UP IDENTICAL PICTURES AT THE MERE MENTION OF THE WORD, "BEAR."

AND AS FOR THE ABSOLUTE, ONE AND ONLY CROSS - THERE JUST AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL.

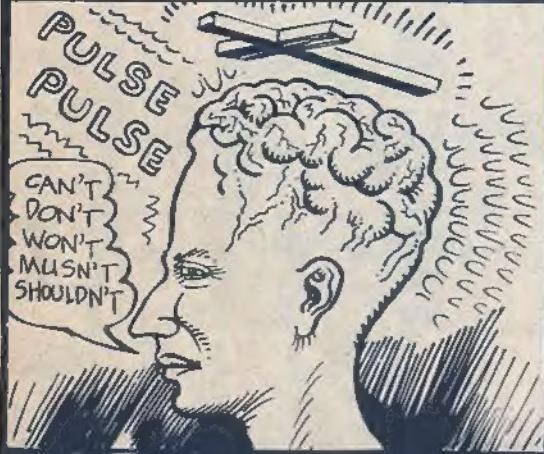
SO WHY GO TO JERUSALEM? EVEN THE REAL MCCOY THAT THESE CRUSADERS HANKERED FOR WAS JUST A SOUVENIR.



OF COURSE, YOU DON'T ACTUALLY CARRY A CROSS ON YOUR BACK - IT'S ALL IN YOUR IMAGINATION.

BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN BRAINS TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO RISE FROM THE DEAD PAST.

TAKE A LOAD OFF, BUNKY - OPEN UP THAT CROSS AND SEE WHO'S INSIDE.



THOSE WERE THE DAYS, EH? YOU WERE JUST A L'L'L SHAVER NAMED "ADAM" WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD.

THE SAME BUCKAROO WHO KILLS CHRIST, NAMELY YOU, BRANDS MEMORY WITH APPREHENSIONS OF UNWORTHINESS, OR "SIN."

THE CUSS-CROSS IS A MONUMENT DEDICATED TO THE IDEA THAT PAST WRONGS ARE INDELIBLE.

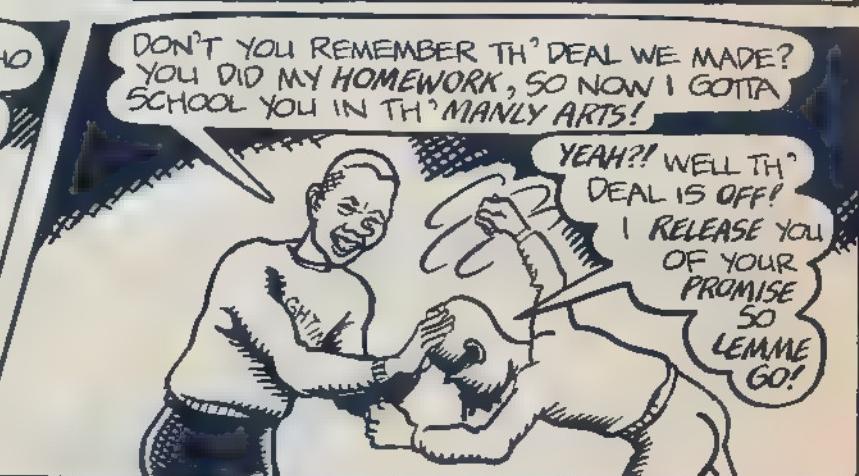
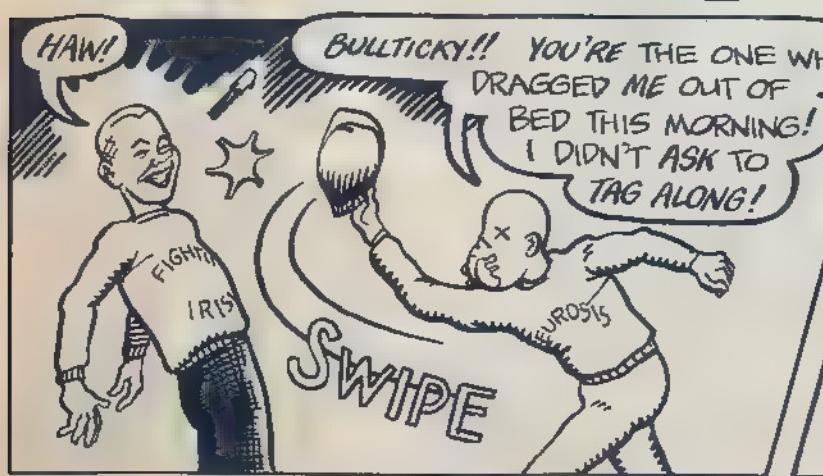


OFTEN A BEAUTIFUL VIEW IS OBSTRUCTED BY THESE ENGRAVED PLANKS, WHICH LOOM UP IN PARADISE LIKE BILLBOARDS.

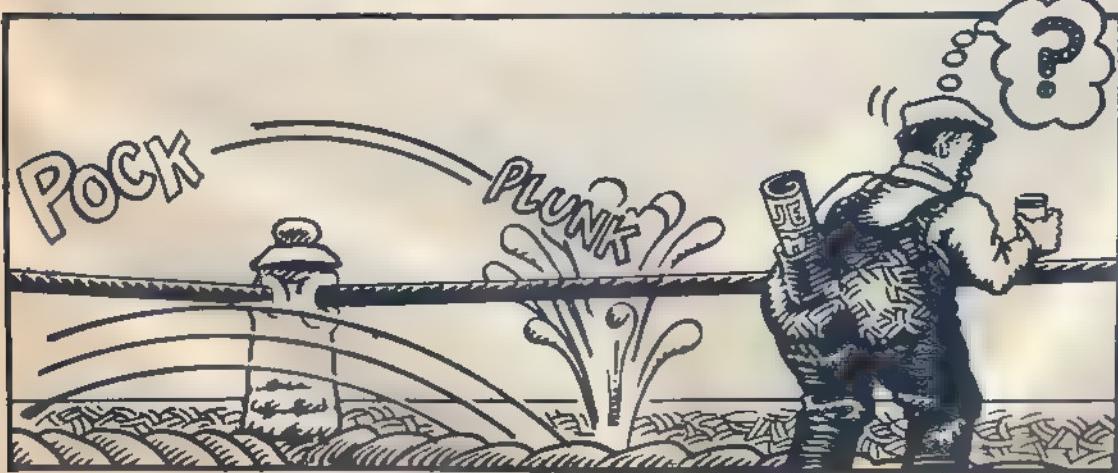
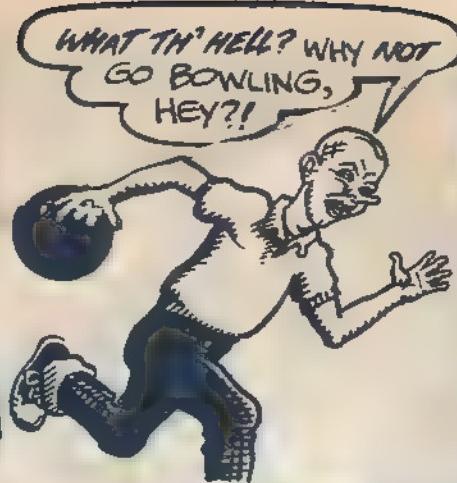
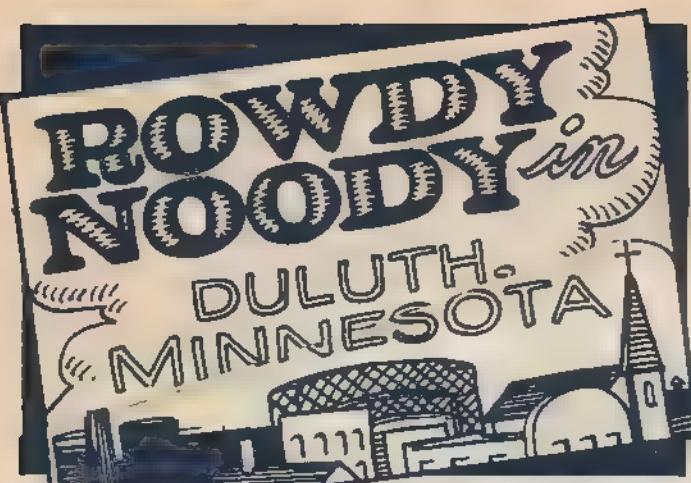
"TIMBER!" THE EYESORE BITES THE DUST WITH A HEARTY "THUD," AND THE BEAT GOES ON.

THE "OPEN SESAME" IS ONE OF THE SMALLEST WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



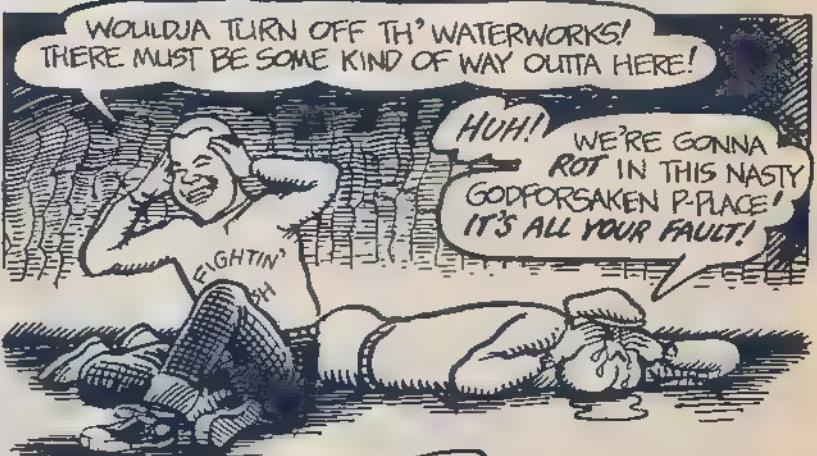


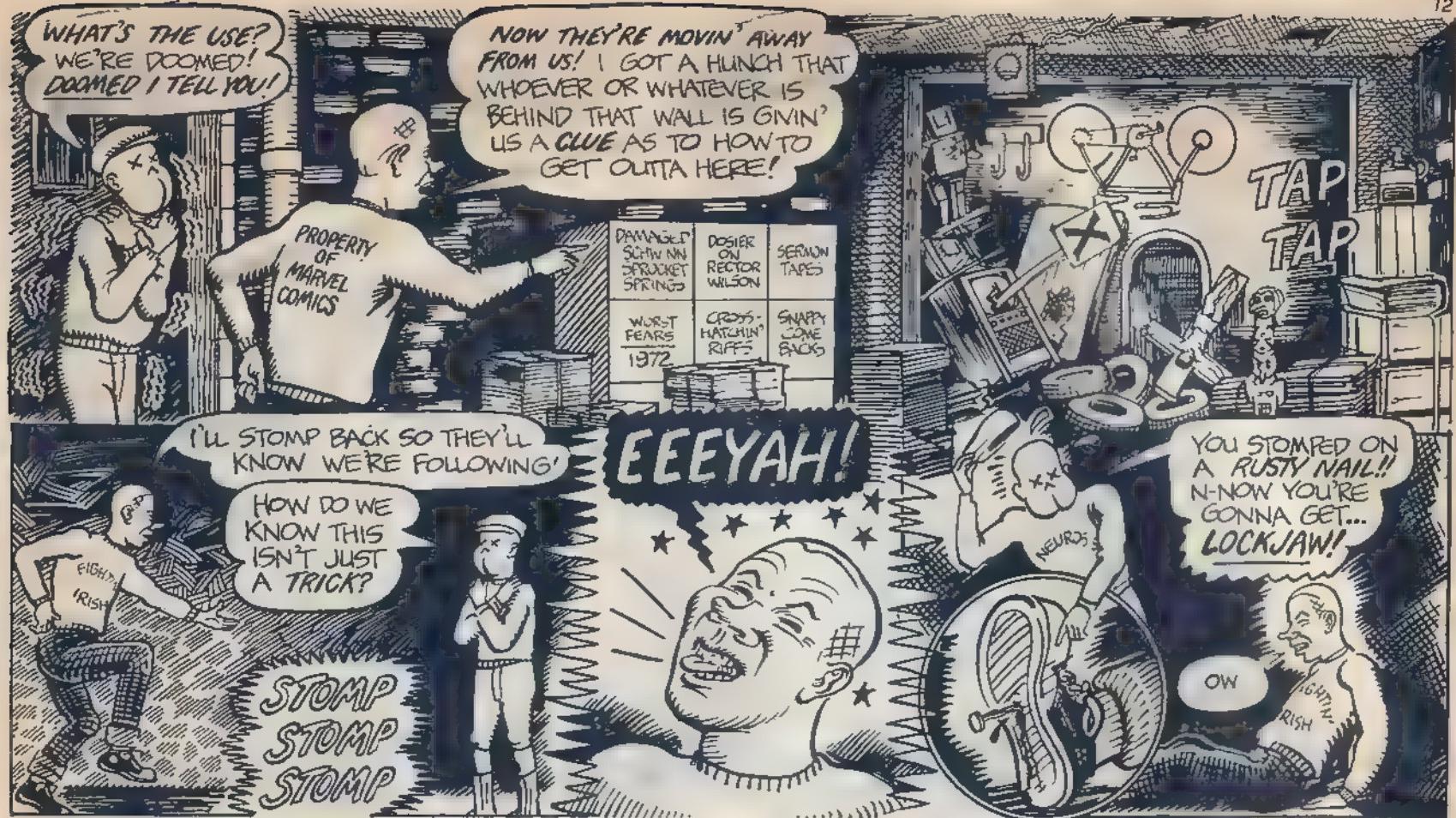
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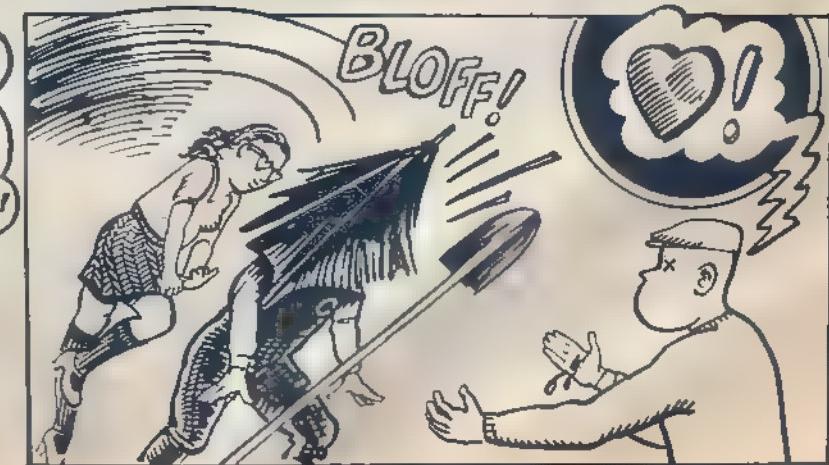
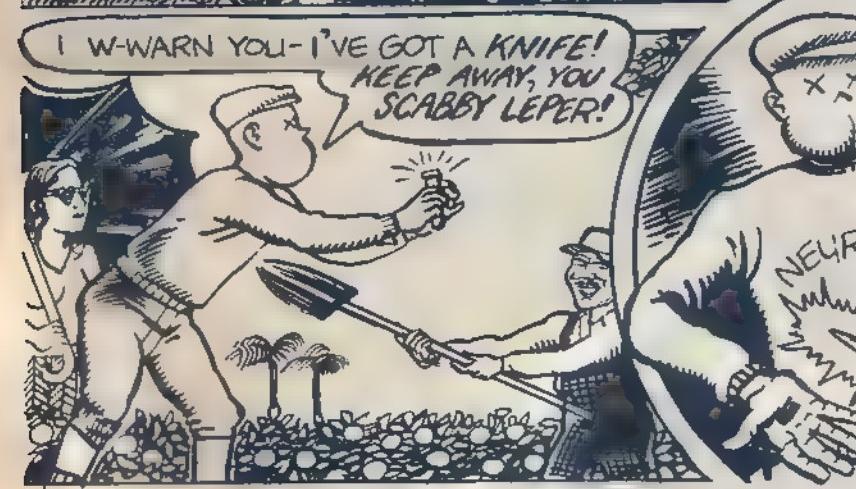


# WE FELLOW TRAVELEERS

FATE HAS LED OUR LITTLE LAMBS INTO A TACKY SITUATION: THEY'RE MAROONED IN THE BASEMENT OF A HERETICAL HOUSE OF WORSHIP, "CALLED THE SAW-CHURCH OF PROFANITY." ENTICED BY A "RECTOR" TO DESCEND A LADDER TO VIEW HIS PROPAGANDA FILM THE CUSS-CROSS AND ITS SAW, NO SOONER HAD THE WORD, "FINIS" FLICKERED OFF THE SCREEN, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES WITH NO EXIT.









HEY! WHERE D'YAH THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?! I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR BROTHER!

I SHALL RETURN - WITH PROFESSIONAL MEDICAL HELP! AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I'M GOING TO BLAS EVERYTHING TO THE TOWNSFOLK WITH MY NEW MOUTH!

I LOVE HER.

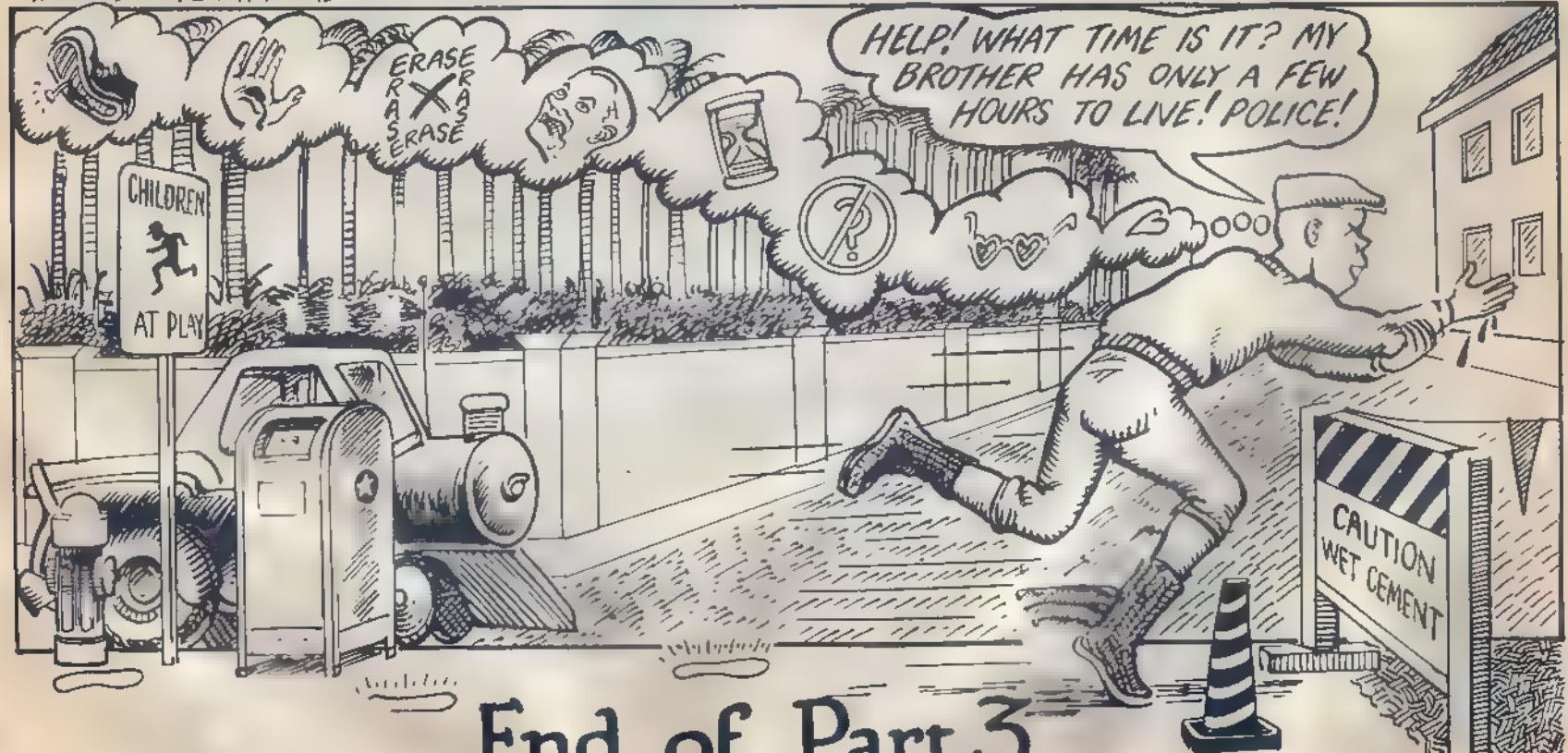
HI-HO! OVER THE TOP!

CAN'T LET HER KNOW THAT I'M SCARED!

YOU TREACHEROUS LITTLE POLLYANNA!

BAW!

CYCLOONE



# End of Part 3

THE BATHOS PLAYHOUSE

presents

"End of the  
Line"

JUSTIN GREEN

GROPE

GROPE  
HOPE

LOVE IS LIMBO, SORT OF,  
WHEN YOU CAN'T BE SATISFIED.

MOREOVER, LOVE IS 100·000,  
'CAUSE YOUR CLOTHES GET DEIFIED.

LOVE CAN GET LIKE JUDO,  
IF YOUR SOUL IS OPEN WIDE.

LOVE WILL DRIVE YOU CRAZY  
IF SHE GOES OUT ON THE SIDE.

LOVE SURE IS A LULU  
WHEN IT ENDS IN SUICIDE.

ARE YOU JUST A CHOO-CHOO  
TO SOME MATADRESS BRIDE?

11

HEY-HEY!  
BABY, WHERE  
YOU STAY LAST  
NIGHT??!

NONE OF  
YOUR  
FUCKIN'  
BUSINESS.

JUMP  
JUMP  
JUMP

SAYONARA

MY LITTLE  
PUPPER-BELLY!

COMING DEAR!

12

CLOUDS OF NAILS WAIT FOR YOU  
AT THE END OF YOUR LAST RIDE.

OLE!

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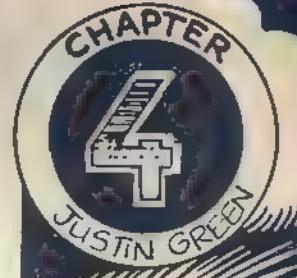
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"WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GET GOING!" COACH DICKERSON

16

# WE FELLOW TRAVELERS



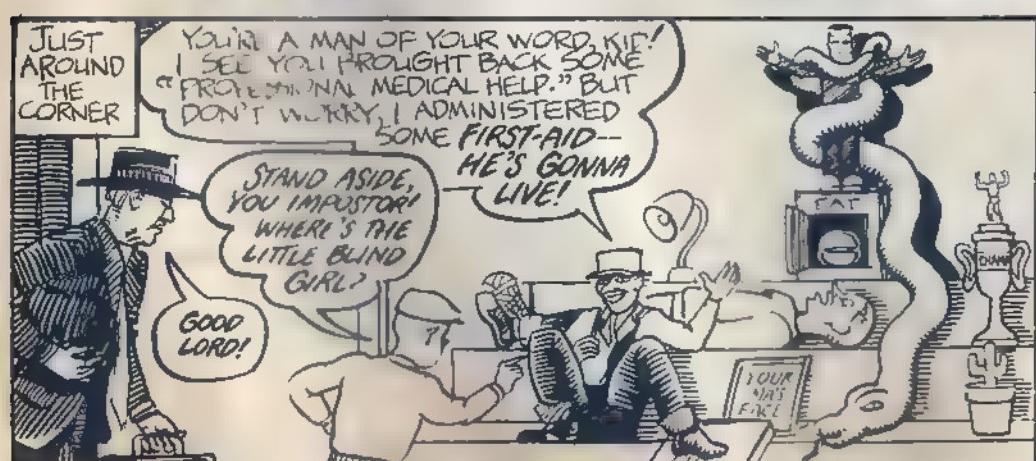
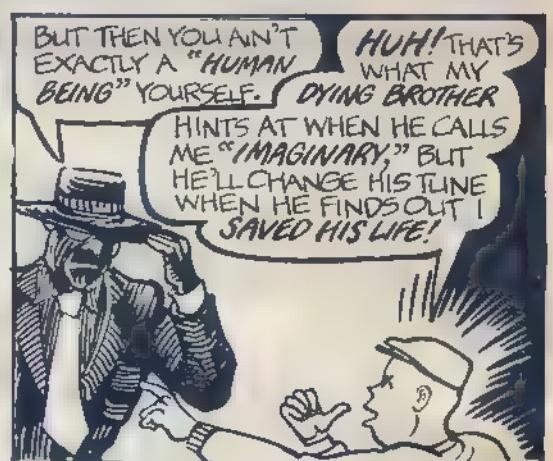
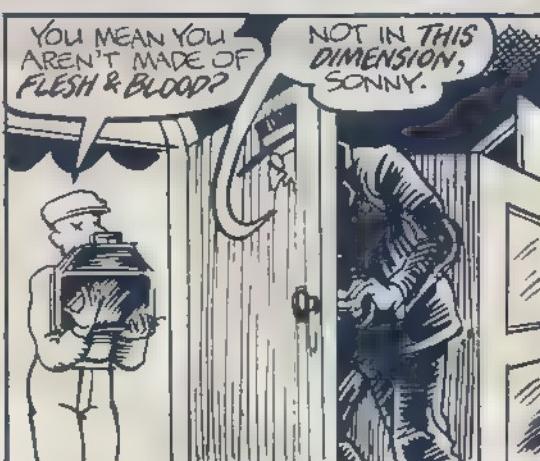
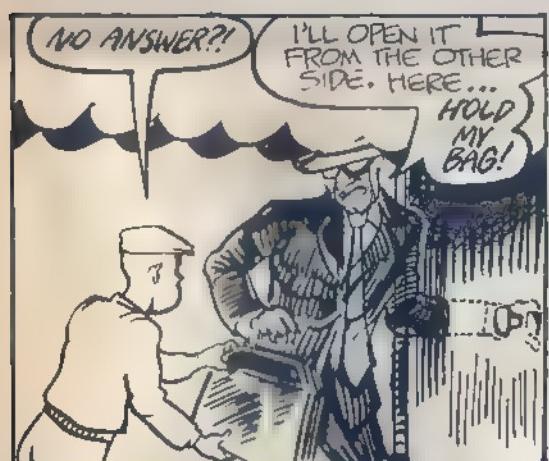
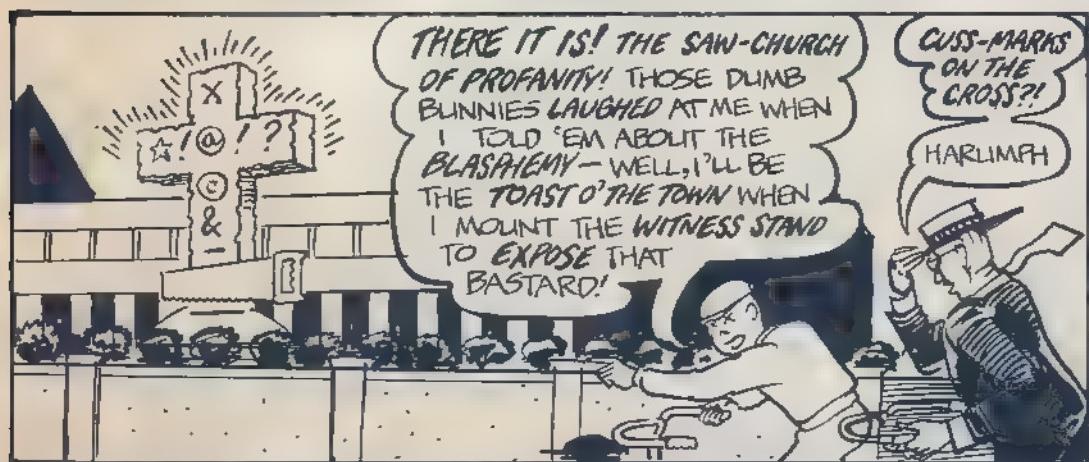
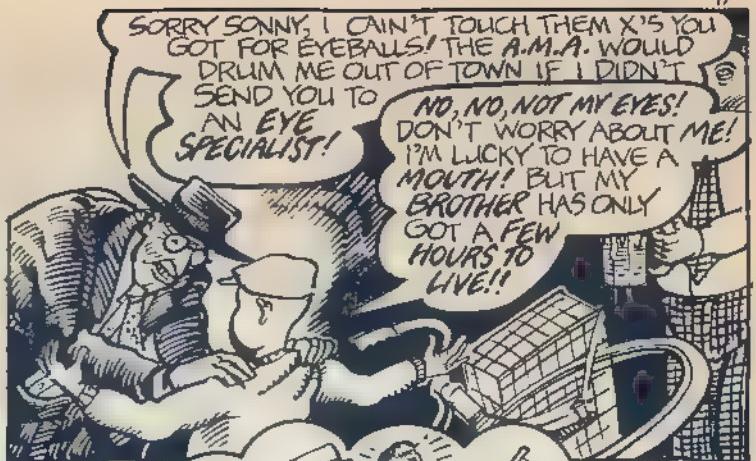
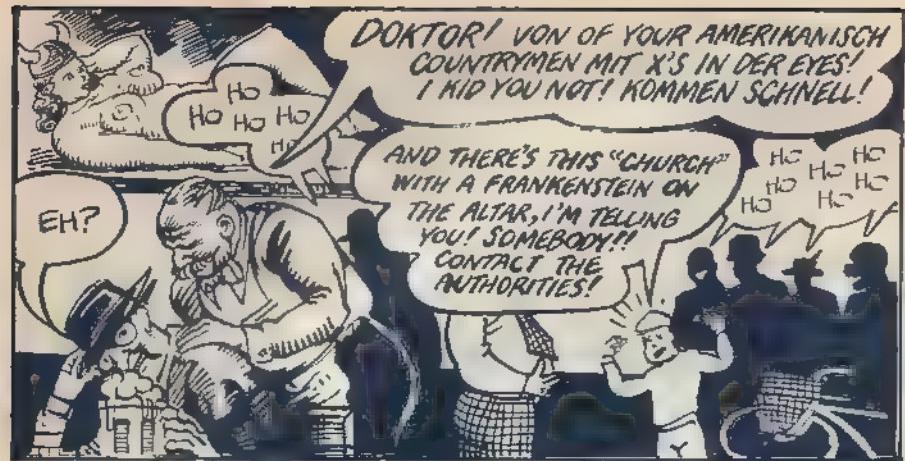
WILL NEUROSIS, NOW FEATURING A MOUTH, FIND A DOCTOR ABLE TO MAKE A PRIVATE HOUSE-CALL ON HIS BROTHER? WHO WAS THAT BLIND GIRL WHOSE KISS WAS A MIRACLE???

HOLY SMOKES!  
MY BROTHER'S  
GUARDIAN ANGEL!

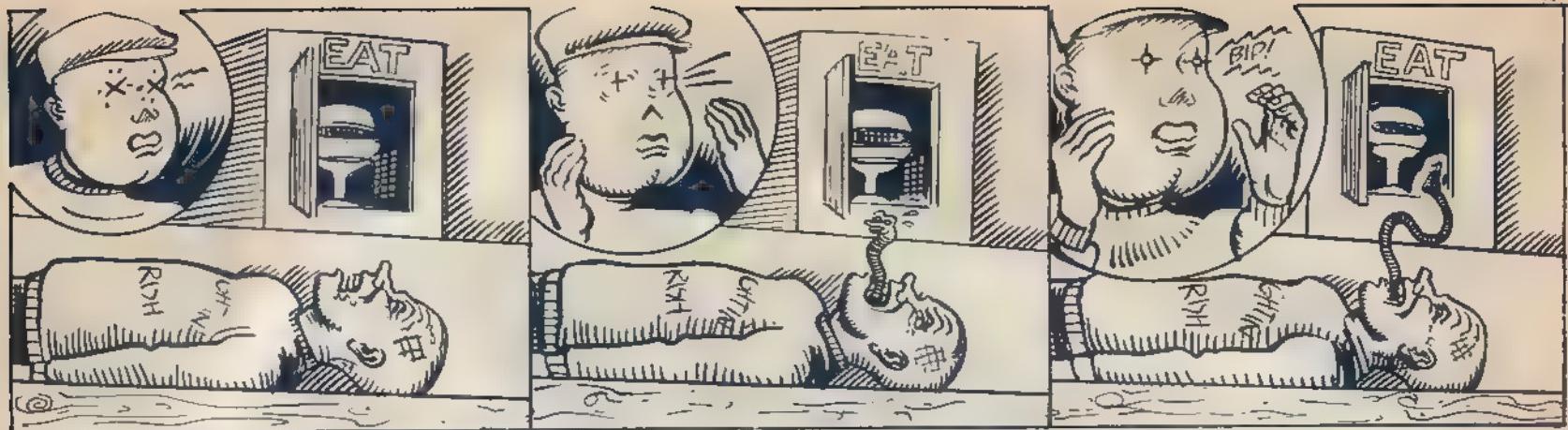
HIS LIFE IS  
IN YOUR  
HANDS!!!

YOUR BROTHER









## LEGEND

WHEN A CONVOY OF NEWLY DEAD ARRIVES IT IS PROCESSED IN THE LOCAL KODAK FILE (B). HERE, 8 GLOSSIES OF THE MAJOR MISDEEDS OF EACH INDUCTEE ARE WEIGHED AGAINST THE SHINING MOMENTS. THOSE WHO JUST DON'T CUT THE CELESTIAL MUSTARD ARE JETTISONED OUT OF THE HONK-TUBE (C) INTO THE FIERY LAKE (D) WHERE THEY HAVE BUT TWO POSSIBLE RECOURSSES:

1. THEY MAY WAIT FOR ANGELS OF GRACE OR MERCY (E) TO INTERCEDE.
2. THEY MAY STRIVE TO REACH HIGHER GROUND THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL (F).

IF THE LATTER ROUTE IS TAKEN, THE SEEKER MUST CONTEND WITH THE KEYHOLE TROLL (G) WHO POSES RIDDLES WHICH MUST BE SOLVED. THOSE RESOLVED TO THEIR FATE CAN PLAY VOLLEYBALL OR JUST LOITER UNTIL THEIR NUMBER TURNS UP.

REPORTEDLY ONE DROP OF SWEAT FROM THE BROW OF A SOUL BURNING IN THE PURGATORIAL FLAMES COULD BURN A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR HAND. THOUGH PHYSICAL AGONIES HERE ARE ON A PAR WITH THOSE ENDURED BY THE LOST SOULS OF HELL, THERE IS THAT ALL-IMPORTANT DISTINCTION THAT HERE ONE MAY PURIFY THE SOUL THROUGH TRAILS WHICH DO NOT LAST FOREVER.

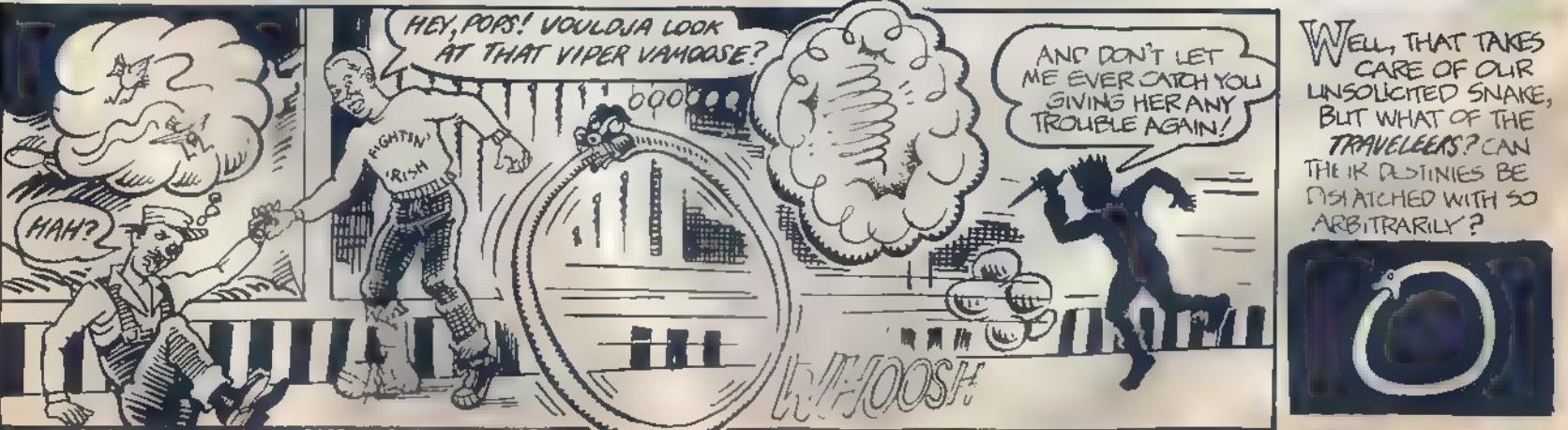
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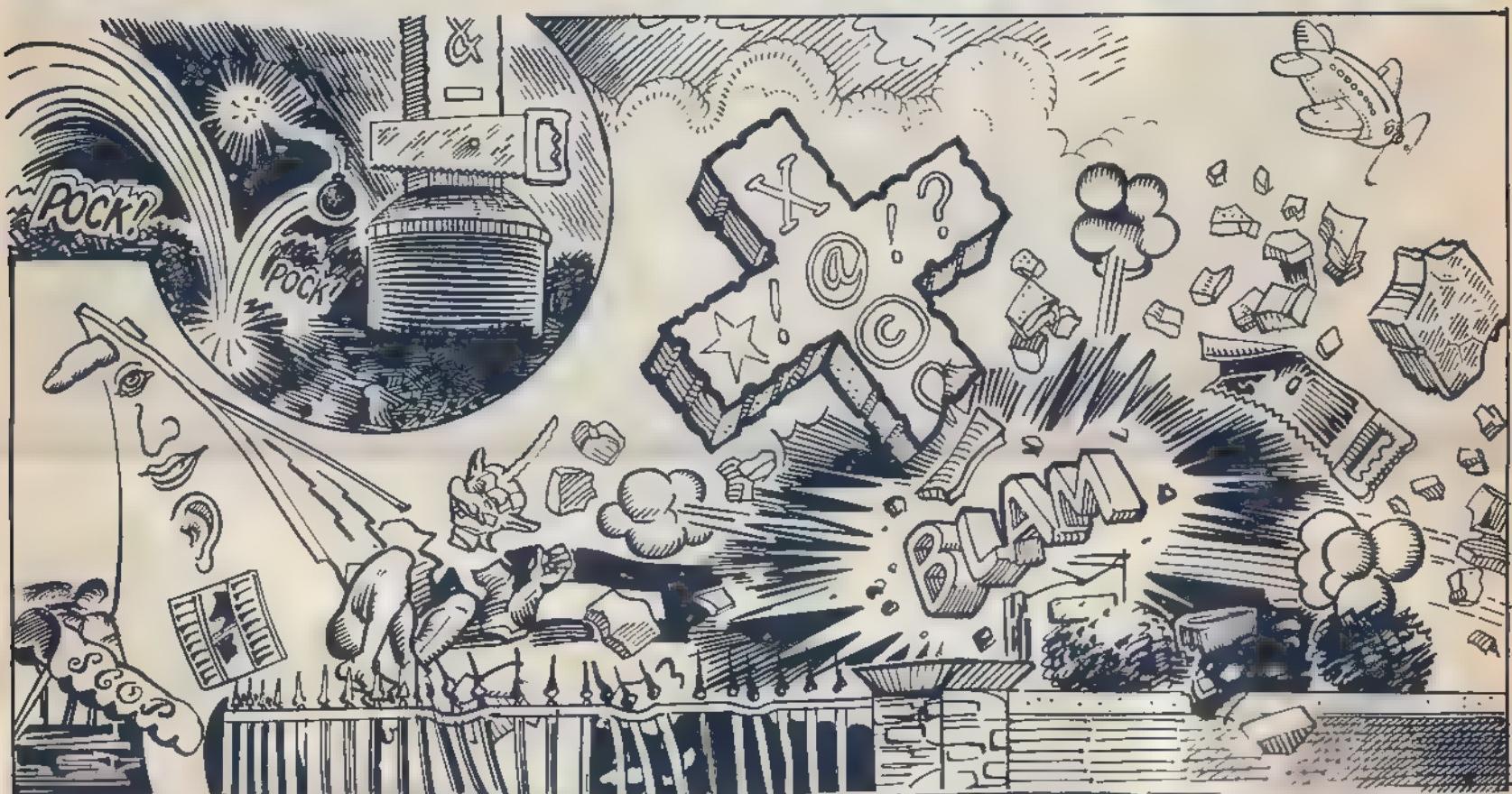
# THE GATES OF PURGATORY

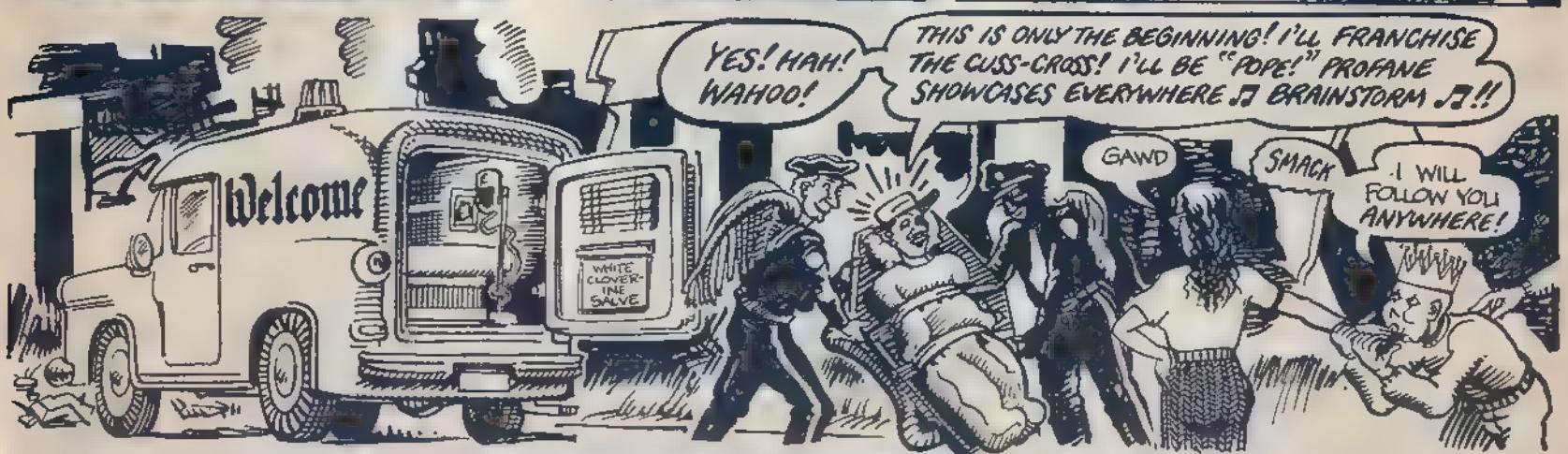
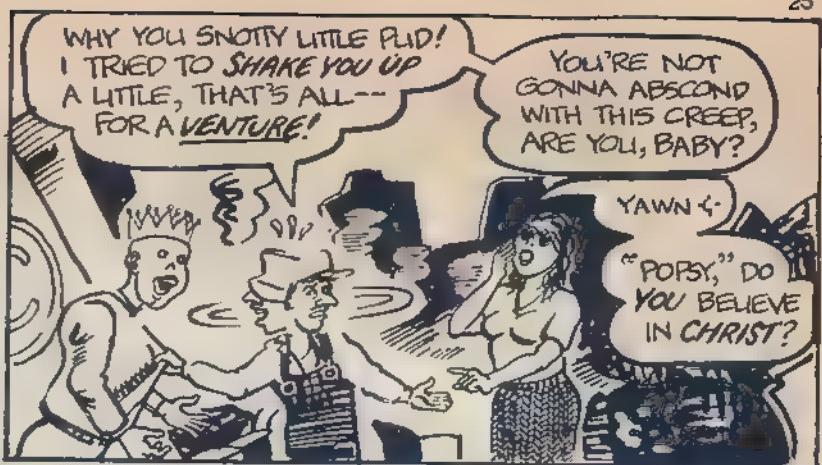
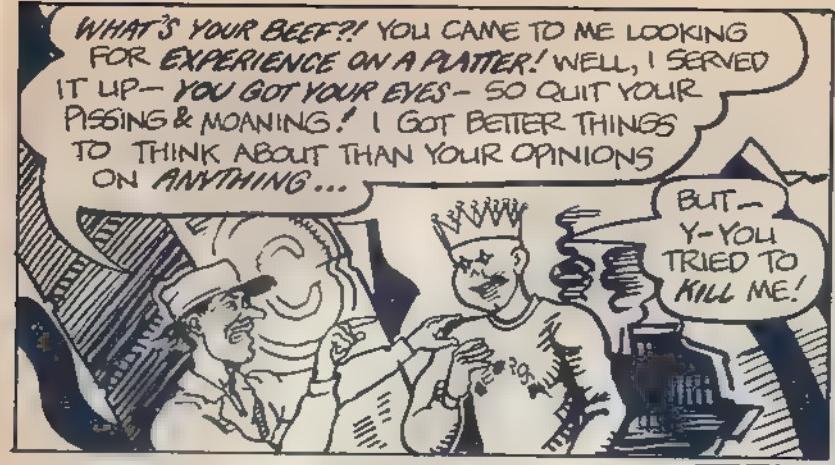
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JUSTIN GREEN

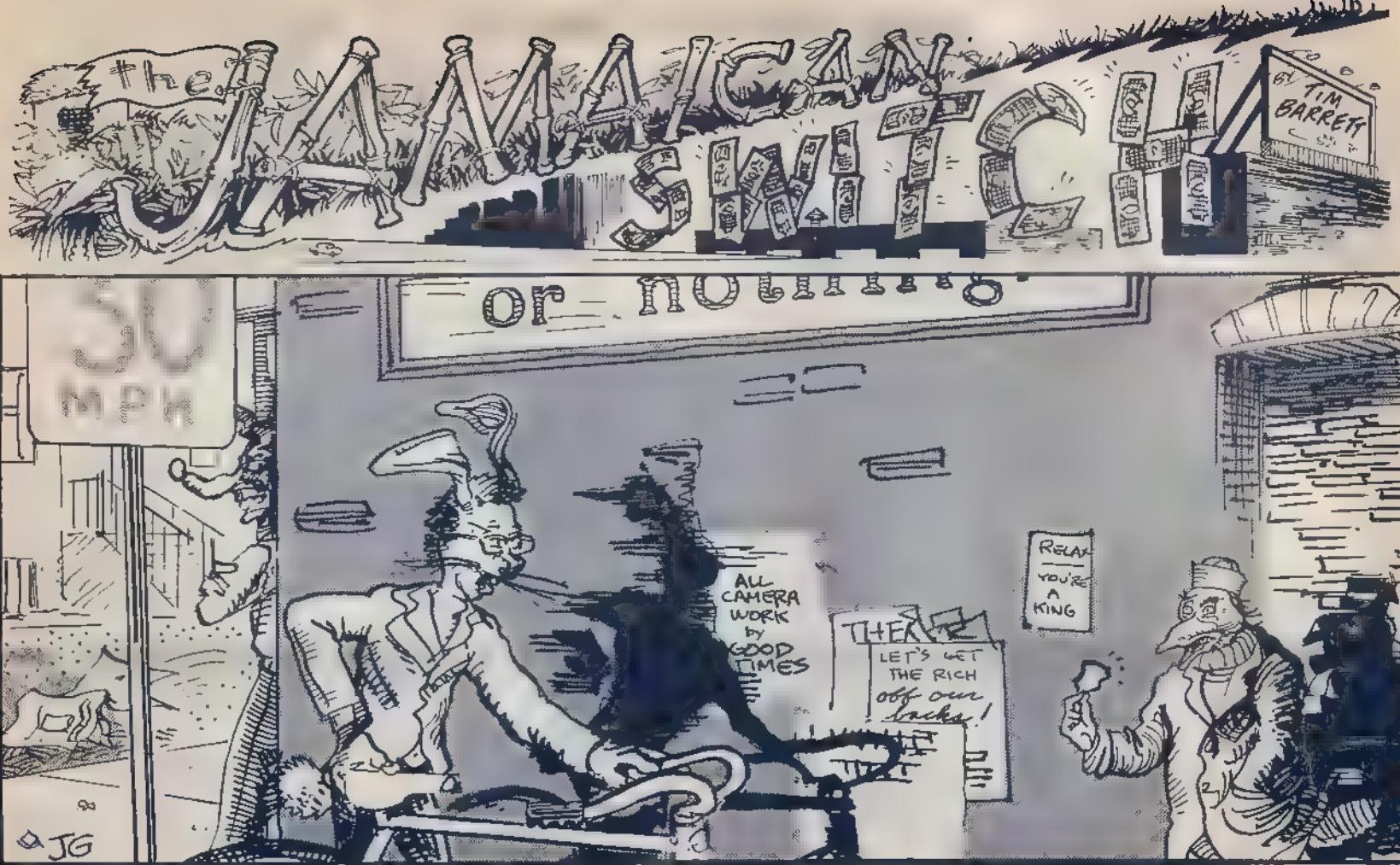
## WE FELLOW TRAVELERS











Mark was having a bad day. He had burned the toast and his eggs had come out rubbery with that crinkly brown edge he hated. As he rode his beat-up bicycle to pick up his unemployment check, the ride suddenly became hard and erratic, and he realized his back tire was flat. Now he would have to walk the thing the rest of the way downtown, and be late for his appointment. He tried to be objective about these mishaps, but he couldn't think himself out of the feeling that getting out of bed had been a mistake. In a way, he despised being on unemployment. What was supposed to be a long, government-sponsored vacation was at times more like a dull sentence to limbo. His feeling could have been affected by the fact that Mark was receiving only \$52.00 every two weeks, two dollars more than the minimum rate.

Mark waited in line for his cash and put it in his shirt pocket when the cashier handed it to him. He left the building and walked his lame bike across Bryant St. He was not sure where he was headed, but more or less just followed the general flow of his fellow unemployed. He noticed a man a few yards ahead who was not walking but standing under the freeway overpass looking around anxiously. He was short, foreign-looking and rather non-descript, but he seemed to notice Mark at the same moment. Letting several people pass him, he spoke as Mark approached.

"Mister, can you help me, I am lost. I must find thees address."

He showed Mark a scrap of paper while he continued. The paper read: Eagle Rock Hotel, 45 Pea Green St.

"The woman, she give me thees address she say to meet her there but I no can find thees street. I am sailor from Hamaca and I don't know city. Can you tell me where thees street?"

"A woman gave you this address?"

"Yes, I get off boat at Valley-Joe and take Grey Dog Bus to the Grey Dog Bus Shed. I meet thees woman. She say to meet her at thees place in half hour."

"Where is she now?" Mark asked.

"She go to get drink to bring to room so we

can make like man and wife. I am at sea for many months. I no have woman for many months. I see thees woman, bery fine woman, she say give me money now I see you later so I give her fifty dollar to get drink so we can make like man and wife."

"You gave her fifty dollars?"

The sailor implored Mark to understand "I at sea many month, make much money. I no have smaller dollar."

He took a fat roll of bills from his coat pocket, folded in half and held with a rubber band. The bill on the outside was a fifty. He waved the wad at Mark to punctuate his description. Mark was somewhat touched by this man's innocence and naivete.

"Man, this address doesn't exist! It's phony... That woman gyped you out of \$50.00."

The sailor didn't want to believe it. He protested that she seemed honest to him, still waving the roll at Mark.

"You better put that money away. You have to be careful with that much money." The sailor stuck it back into his coat pocket. He seemed confounded by the situation, and he snatched the scrap of paper from Mark, insisting that it must be real.

"Thees address O.K. I trust thees woman. She say to me give me money and meet me. She say if I no can find thees place to ask the first black man I see."

At that exact moment, a black man was walking past on the sidewalk.

He was dressed in green. He had one of those sweaters that is two-tone green with suede panels in the front, green-slacks with sharp creases, green alligator loafers with fake gold buckles, and even green socks showing below tapered pant legs that stopped too soon. His walk was more like a bounce, with his chest stuck out in front and his butt stuck out in back. In a volley of pidgin English, the sailor thrust his predicament at this man repeating all the same details he had told Mark off the boat at Valley-Joe, the Grey Dog Bus Shed, the woman and the address. Again he brandished the roll of bills dramatically. The black man was quick to take hand of the situation.

"Hey man, don't flash a roll in broad daylight like that. Somebody see that and chase you all over town to hit you up beside yo' hand an' take it away sum you. Ain't that right?" This was directed at Mark who muttered agreement. The sailor put the money back in his shabby coat. The black man kept talking.

"Now I happen to be a cab driver. I'm on my day off today but I can tell you without a doubt that there ain't no 'Pea Green' street in 'Frisco.' You got to be more careful who you give your money to. Not everyone in the city is to be trusted."

The sailor began to accept the fact that he had been had for the fifty. But his initial impulse remained.

"I no care about money, have much money I think you good men. I give you five dollars each you tell me where I can go find woman and make like man and wife."

"Well, I tell you... what's your name?"

"My name Juan."

"Juan, you are lucky you met two dudes who don't mind helping a guy out. What's your name, brother?"

"Mark."

"Alright. My name is Bruce. Juan, you are lucky. Now, I'm a cab driver so I know what's happening in the city, and I can put you on to a good house not far from here run by a good lady named Ruthie. Ruthie will treat you square, and fix you up good. But I want you to know, Juan, that I'm a working man, I work six days a week drivin' a cab and today's my day off. I'm pretty well fixed for cash, so I'm not doin' you a favor 'cause I'm gonna make a fin. You lost fifty today already so I want to show you that not everyone in this city is out to get you. You can see I don't need the dough." The cabbie took out his wallet, and opened it up to show the sailor. Mark did not see the money inside.

"And I would bet you that Mark here didn't stop to help you 'cause he needed money, am I right, Mark? Show the man how you're fixed!"

Mark felt a little guilty for hoping to make money on this chance encounter, but he did sympathize with the sailor before the money had



entered the picture. He slid his unemployment money into view from his shirt pocket. Juan seemed to accept this as a show of good faith, and the three began walking, presumably in the direction of the whorehouse. Bruce continued his smooth chatter.

"Now Juan, most people in this city will treat you fair and not try to burn you, and this house we're gonna show you is a good place. But you got to be cool carryin' all that cash on you, especially with the girls. I know they're good girls, but you gotta be careful."

The sailor thought about this.

"I must be careful, Is lot of money! Maybe I no should take money to room with girl." An idea seized him and he stopped walking to make his point.

"I give each of you ten dollar to hold my money while I go up with woman."

The cabbie said, "That's not a bad idea, Juan, but I'm kind of on my way somewhere. Maybe Mark here would sit with your dough."

This idea had a certain appeal to Mark. Not only would he make ten dollars, but he would find out what the inside of a whorehouse was like without actually having to be there for business, which he had always thought would be embarrassing. So he said, "Sure, I'll sit with it."

Juan continued to be pensive, as if the conversation had provoked a latent sense of caution in him.

"My captain on boat tell me, in America no one trust other man. How I know you don't take my money while I with woman?"

Mark attempted reassurance, but the cabbie interrupted.

"Man, you don't need to worry. I can tell Mark is honest I think I would trust him."

The sailor didn't seem satisfied, but he had another idea.

"I give you twenty-five dollar and I give you twenty-five dollar if you both sit with money I

trust two men, one man to watch other."

The cab driver said, "Okay, Juan, I'll sit too, just to show you that one fellow can trust another in this country, right Mark?"

Mark agreed. He was a little astonished by the sailor's eagerness to spend money in pursuit of pussy, but he thought, what do I know about being at sea for six months. The three continued walking, the arrangement settled. A conversation about trust began amongst them.

Juan said, "My captain tell me man in America don't trust other man. He say black man don't trust white man."

Bruce scoffed at this. "That ain't true, man. This is a great country and it didn't get that way because people didn't trust each other. Am I right Mark?"

Mark said, "Right."

"My captain tell me in some part of American white man no speak to black man."

Bruce was quick to reply. "That may be true in the South, but this is San Francisco, man, this city is different. In this city, people trust each other. There's lots of good feeling and brotherhood here. Mark here will tell you the same."

"He's right, Juan. This city is different." Mark's contribution to this conversation seemed to consist of agreement with what Bruce said; but he felt pleased to be in this triangle of strangers, talking about brotherhood, when only moments ago he had been depressed about things in general.



The sailor continued to repeat critical things his captain had told him about America, and the taxi driver continued to reassure him that it was really okay here, if you ran into the right people. They had walked about five blocks together, to a part of downtown where a lot of buildings had been torn down, and new ones hadn't been built. There were some old businesses and warehouses, but no residences in sight. Suddenly they stopped. The sailor seemed nervous.

"Maybe I give you money now, before we get to house." He stuffed the wad of bills into Mark's jacket pocket. "I know sure about thees. I hear many bad story. I no think black man trust white man. I no sure."

Bruce came in on the beat. "Look, man, I can prove to you that I trust a guy like Mark. Take your dough back for a minute." The sailor quickly snatched the roll from Mark's pocket. Bruce took out his wallet and stuck it in the same pocket where Juan's money had just been.

"Now Mark has all the cash I have on me— you saw it, right? I want you two to go around that corner there out of sight and wait two minutes I'll just stay right here and wait for you to come back. Will that prove to you that I trust Mark with my money?"

Juan said, "You wait here? You not run after us?"

"That's right. Go ahead."

It seemed a little crazy to both Mark and Juan, but they went ahead and walked around the corner out of Bruce's sight.

Juan spoke. "I always hear black man hate white man. I think he come to get money back." Mark said he thought he wouldn't.

After two minutes, they walked back. Bruce was leaning against the building where they had left him, looking slightly nervous, as if he wasn't completely sure about all this. But he beamed when they walked up to him.

"There you go, Juan my man. You walked out of my sight and I trusted you to come back."

Juan seemed impressed. "O.K., I think now you trust thees white man. But how I know he trust you?"

"You trust me, don't you, Mark? Here, show Juan the same way I did. Let me see your scratch."

Mark had a natural inclination not to give this man his money, but this strange drama had come so far that Mark thought it would be awkward to end it now. It would prove he really didn't trust Bruce and that the sailor had been right all along. Reluctantly, he handed Bruce his money. Bruce counted it very fast.

"Fifty-two, right?"

Mark thought he detected a note of disappointment, as if Bruce was saying, is that all?

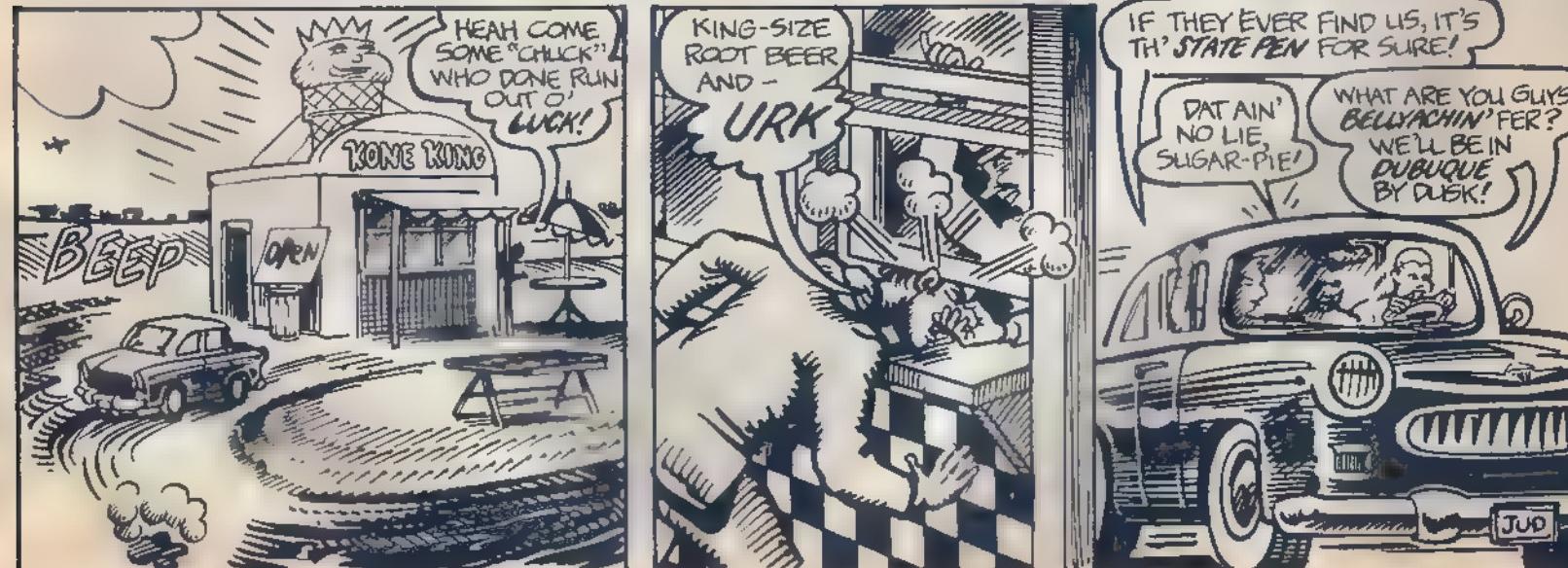
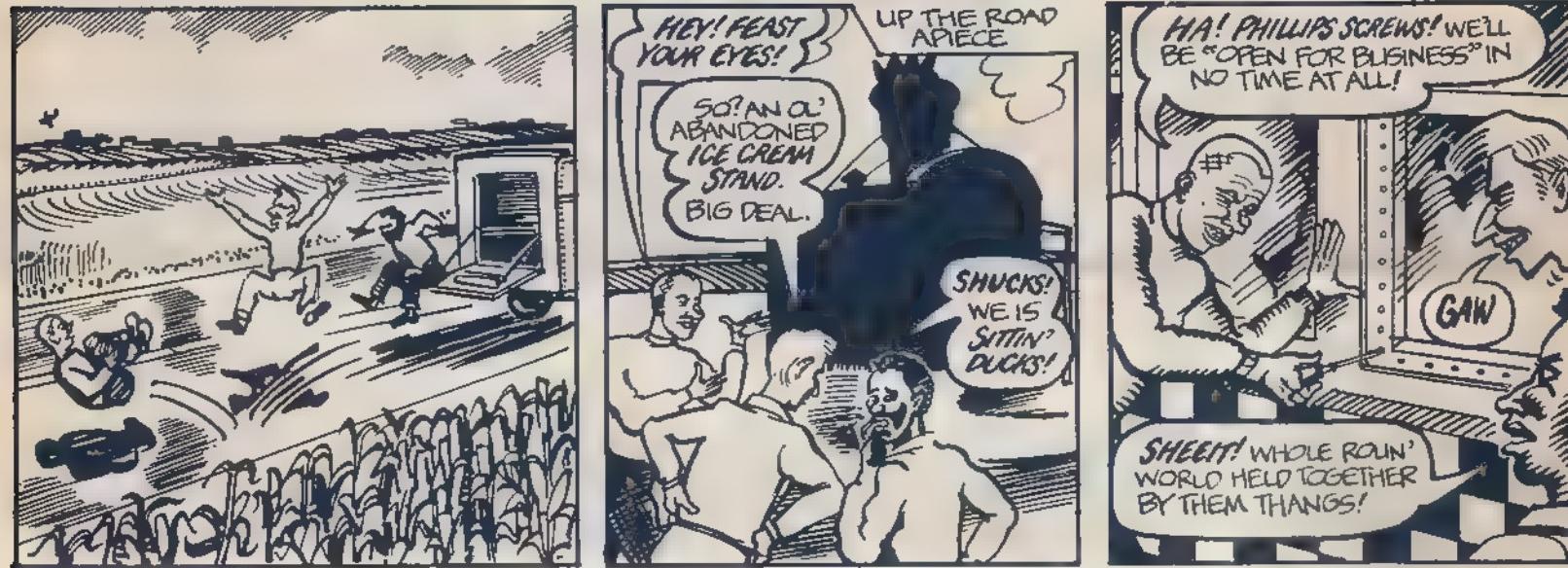
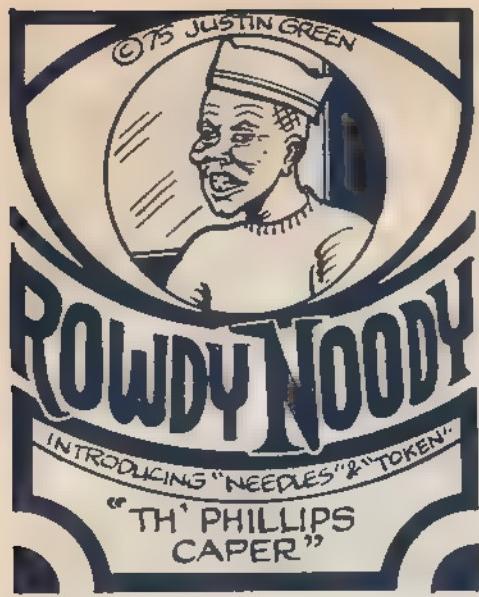
"Right, man."

"O.K. We'll walk around the corner and wait for two minutes and then we'll come back."

The image of the black man in green and the scruffy sailor from Jamaica disappearing around the corner repeated itself until it was permanently imprinted on Mark's brain. At the police station, a uniformed cop and a detective with his sleeves rolled up listened sympathetically, but only until Mark mentioned the scrap of paper. He shrank in his chair as their laughter boomed off the grey walls.

"The Eagle Rock Hotel on Pea Green Street! Haw haw! They've been using that same address for FIFTY YEARS!!"

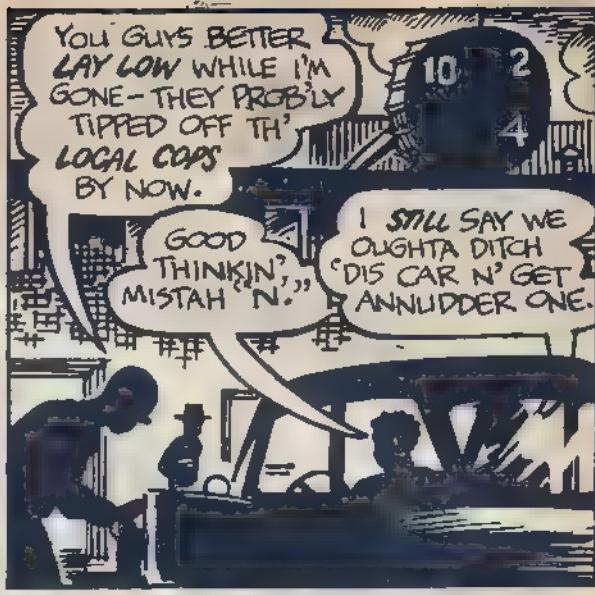
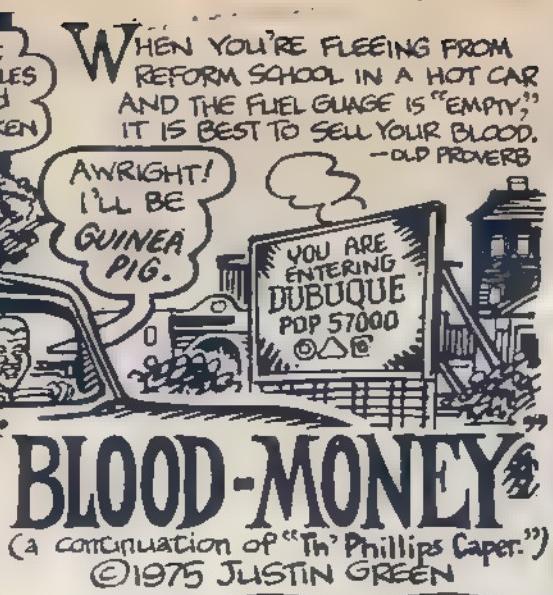
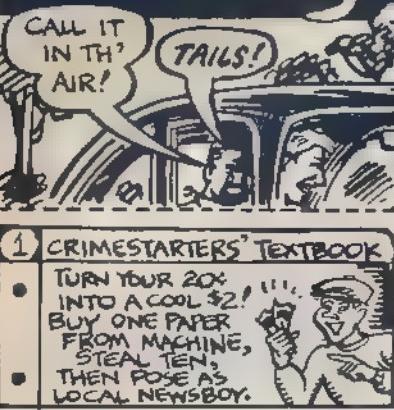




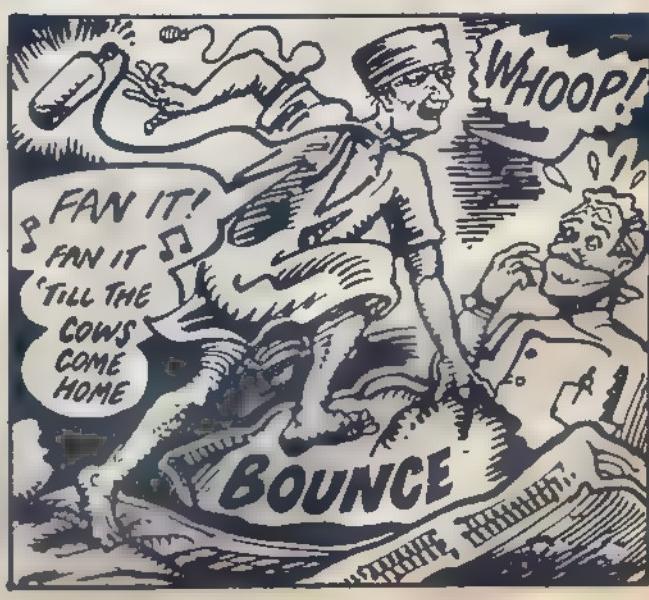
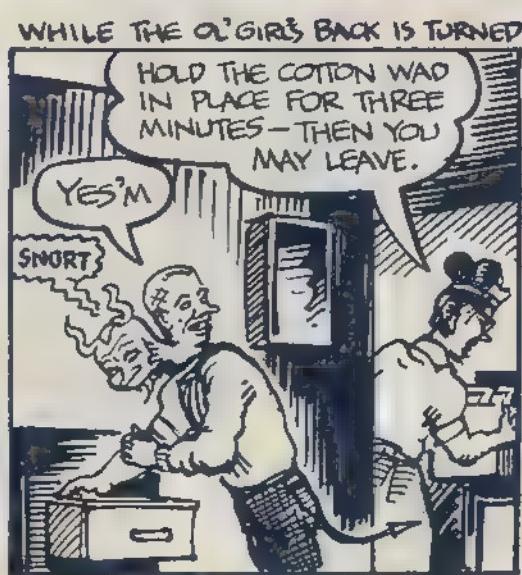
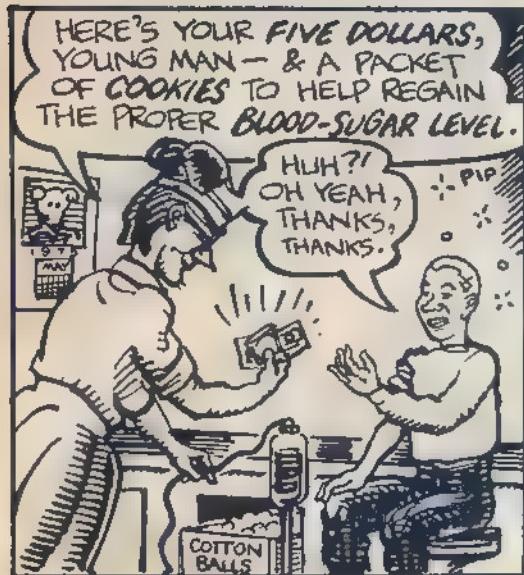
# Rowdy Noodly

mit  
NEEDLES  
und  
TOKEN

WHEN YOU'RE FLEEING FROM  
REFORM SCHOOL IN A HOT CAR  
AND THE FUEL GAUGE IS "EMPTY,"  
IT IS BEST TO SELL YOUR BLOOD.  
—OLD PROVERB



I PT.  
BLOOD = 10 GAL.  
GASOLINE MIGHTY  
FINE TRADE!





# SWEET WORLD of YOUTH

*With*

## BINKY BROWN

EAT IT RAW, CASH!

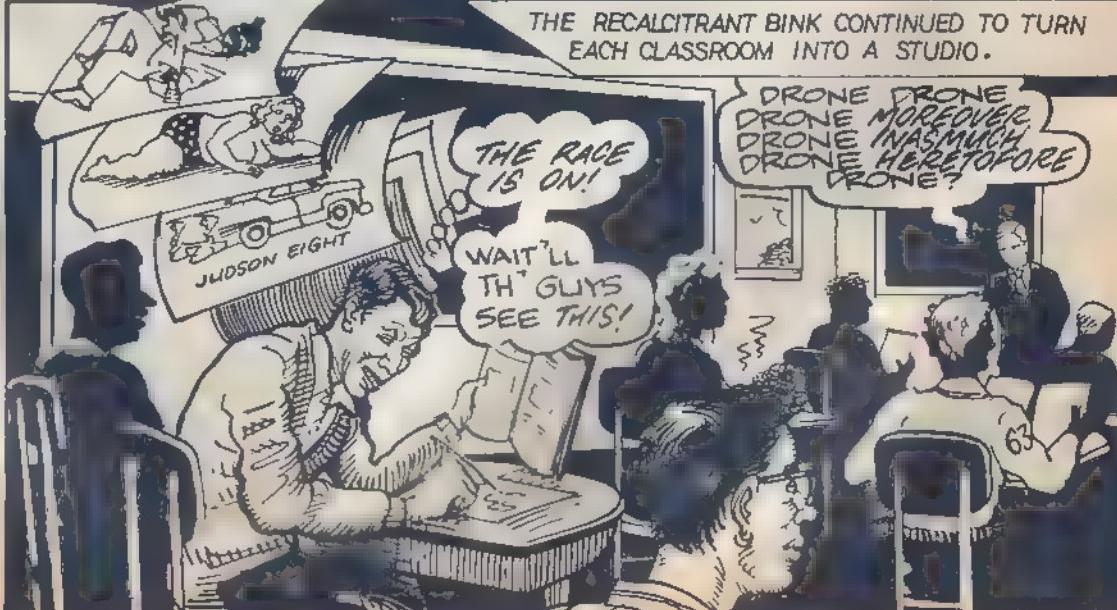
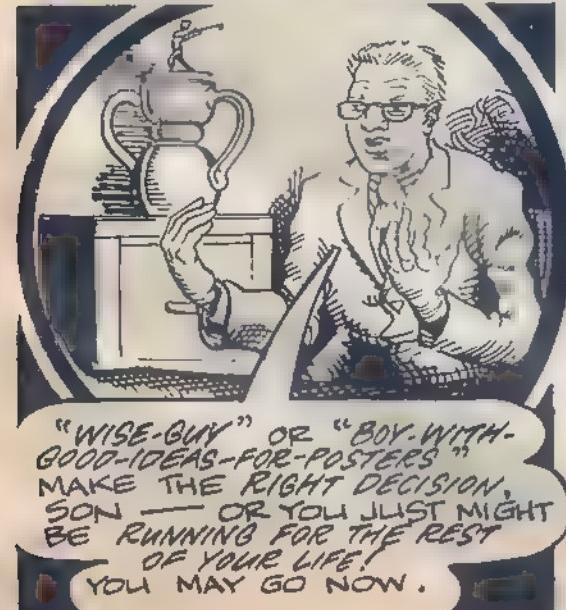
APART FROM ANY CONSIDERATION OF BINKY'S SEXUAL/RELIGIOUS TURMOIL (FULLY AND FRANKLY DISCUSSED IN THE COMIC BINKY BROWN MEETS THE HOLY VIRGIN MARY), LET'S INVESTIGATE THE TWIN IDENTITY CRISIS THAT HAS LAIN DORMANT SINCE HIS HIGH SCHOOL DAYS. THE QUESTION IN HAND IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE RAY-BOY'S USEFULNESS TO SOCIETY THROUGH THE MOST EFFECTIVE APPLICATION OF HIS SKILLS.

Binky's commented antics 2150 appear in:  
LAFF IN THE DARK (publ. by 2nd Gosp.) & YELLOW ODD #17 (Prime-Mime)

AHEM! MRS. GASPAR BROUGHT THIS DRAWING TO MY ATTENTION, SON.. IT IS UNWORTHY OF YOU! I'M HIGHLY DISAPPOINTED WITH YOUR PERFORMANCE THIS FAR IN THE SEMESTER. I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOU FANCY YOURSELF AS A REBEL... HAH! WHAT WITH THE ADVANTAGES YOU'VE HAD, THAT POSITION IS HARDLY JUSTIFIED...

HARRUMPH I'M GOING TO HAND YOU SOME ADVICE, AND YOU CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT: THERE ARE ESSENTIALLY TWO BINKY BROWNS...

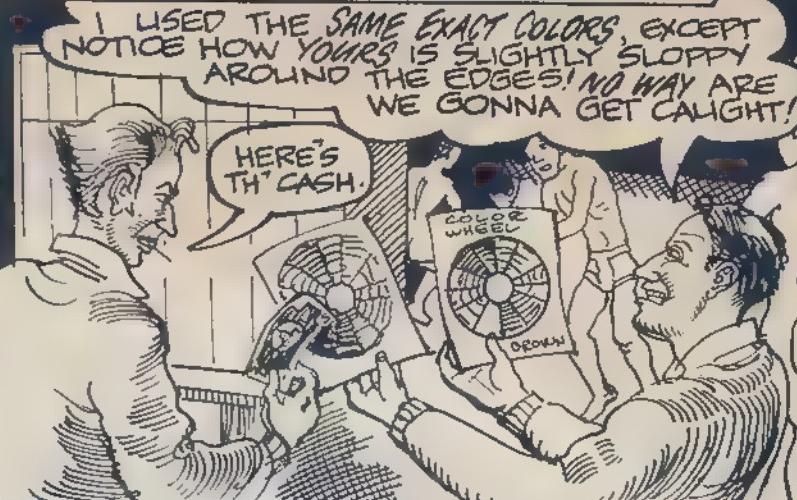
© 1976 JUSTIN GREEN



FAR FROM COMPETING FOR THE SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS, HE BECAME A RENEGADE WHO PEOPLED FIFTIES' AUTOS WITH SCENES OF DEBAUCHERY.



BINK'S FIRST ART JOB CONSISTED OF DOING A CRACKED-MIRROR VERSION OF ALL HIS ART ASSIGNMENTS SO THAT HIS SLY EMPLOYER COULD FORSAKE SUMMER SCHOOL FOR THE CADDY SHACK.



COME GRADUATION DAY, MR. CASH EYEBALLED HIM WITH THINLY DISGUISED RESENTMENT.



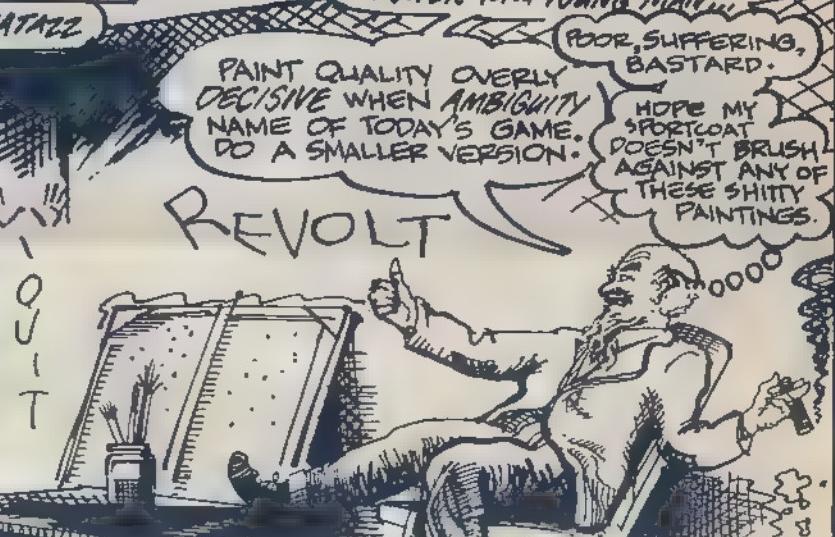
OFF AT A HIGHLY REPUTABLE ART SCHOOL ON THE EAST COAST, THE QUB REALIST MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



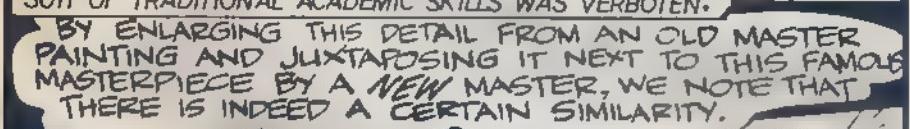
IN THE NAME OF EXPERIMENTATION (WHICH HAD A PLEASANT SCIENTIFIC CONNOTATION), HE TURNED OUT ONE TORMENTED AND BOMBASTIC PRODUCTION AFTER ANOTHER.



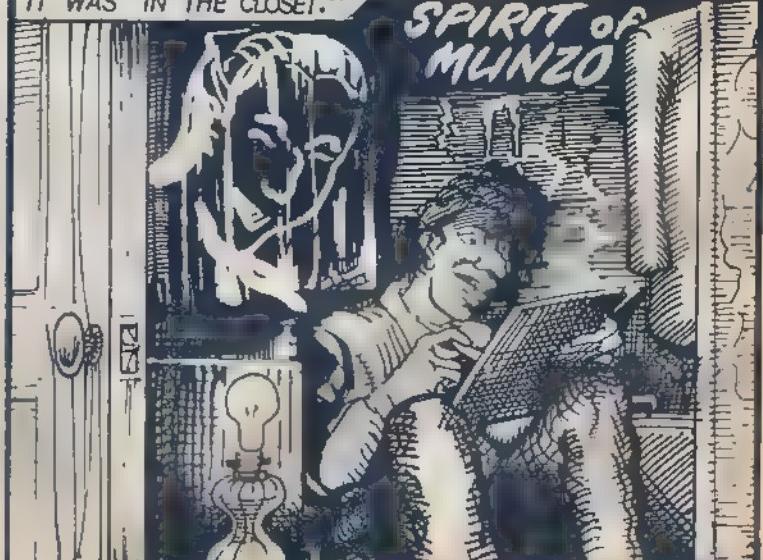
FINE VISUAL COCKTAIL IN THE LOWER RT., YOUNG MAN.



MANY A FAR FETCHED FORAY WAS MADE INTO ANTIQUITY TO JUSTIFY THE MOST CURRENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ART WORLD THOUGH PURSUIT OF TRADITIONAL ACADEMIC SKILLS WAS VERBOTEN.



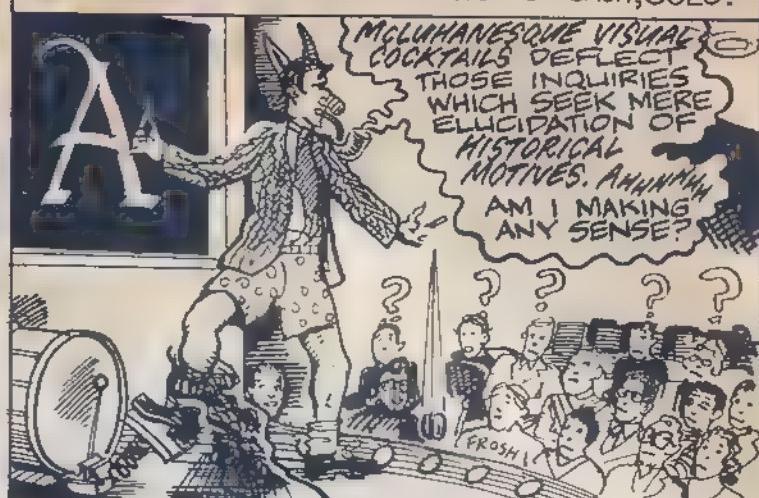
AND AS FOR CARTOONING, THE ONLY PROPER PLACE TO DO IT WAS "IN THE CLOSET."



BINKARINO WAS AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF SO-CALLED "BACHELORS OF FINE ART" WHO ISSUED FORTH FROM ACADEMIA IN SPRING '68.



THE FORTUNATE BINK HAS LANDED A "TEACHING ASSISTANTSHIP" AT A BIG COLLEGE. SHORT ON FUNDS, THE ART DEPT. GIVES THE STILL-WET-BEHIND-THE-EARS BULLSHITTER 3 DIFFERENT SUBJECTS TO TEACH, SOLO!



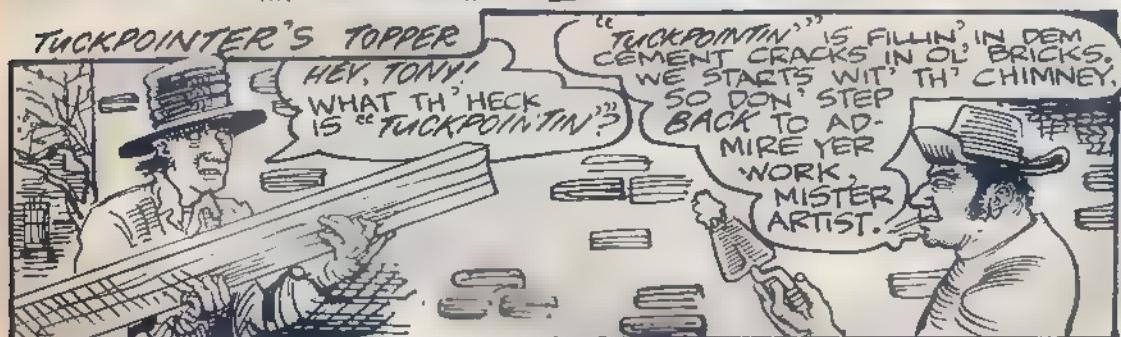
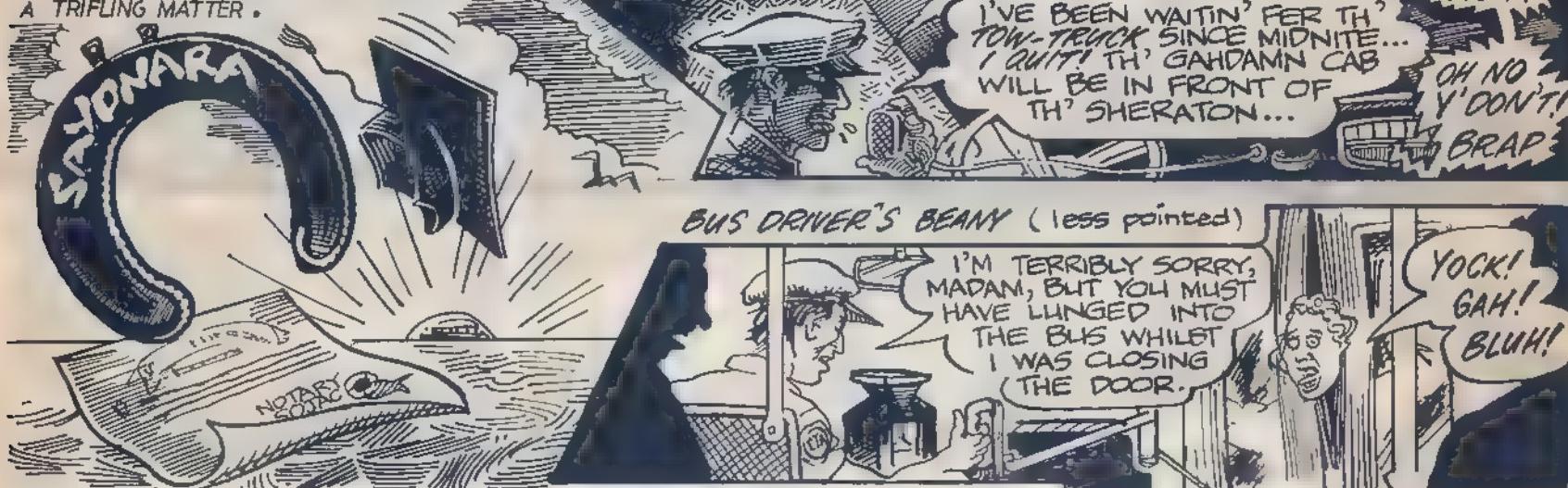
SINCE 3 BONAFIDE TEACHERS WOULD HAVE COST AT LEAST 30 GRAND AND BINKY WAS PAID ONLY \$3800 FOR HIS DAILY POSTURING, THE SCHOOL WAS SAVING A TIDY SUM. HOWEVER, HE WAS BEGINNING TO CRACK UNDER THE PRESSURE.

ONE DAY HE YIELDED TO A STRANGE IMPULSE WHICH WAS AN INSTANTANEOUS WAGER THAT IF A CLOWNING GESTURE OF DISGRACE WERE MADE TO THE STUDENTS THEN THEY WOULD TRY TO SEE THE BEST IN HIS MUDDLED INTENTIONS.



IN TIME, THE ABANDONMENT OF THE TEACHING CAREER WAS LESS DISGRACEFUL AND IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS, A TRIFLING MATTER.

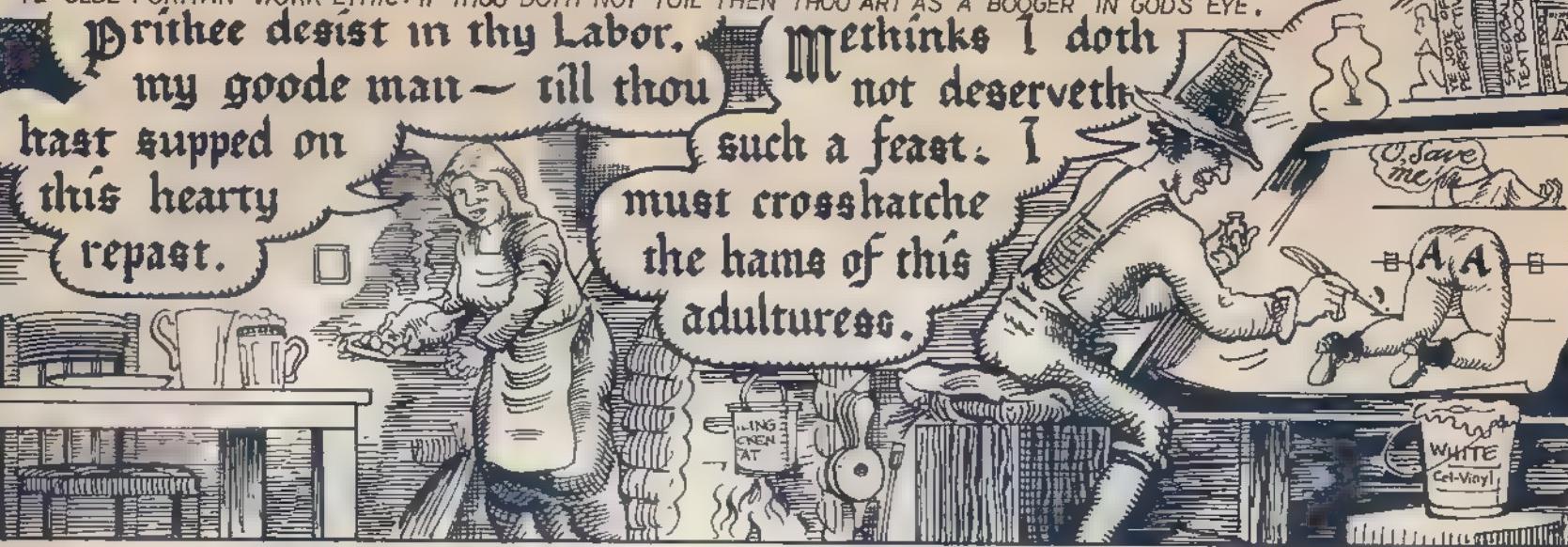
AFTER ALL, HE HAD TRIED MANY OTHER HATS ON ALONG THE WAY-SUCH AS THE ... CABBY'S CAP



BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE HAT THAT SEEMED TO FIT COMFORTABLY.



THOUGH BINK FANCIED HIMSELF AS QUITE THE ROGUE IN HIS NEW ROLE THERE WAS NO GETTING AWAY FROM YE OLDE PURITAN WORK ETHIC: IF THOU DOOTH NOT TOIL THEN THOU ART AS A BOOGER IN GOD'S EYE.



LEST THEY BE THOUGHT OF AS PAN-DERING GROUPIES, CRITICS AND REVIEWERS TEMPERED THEIR PRAISE WITH SOME PRETTY DEVASTATING REMARKS.

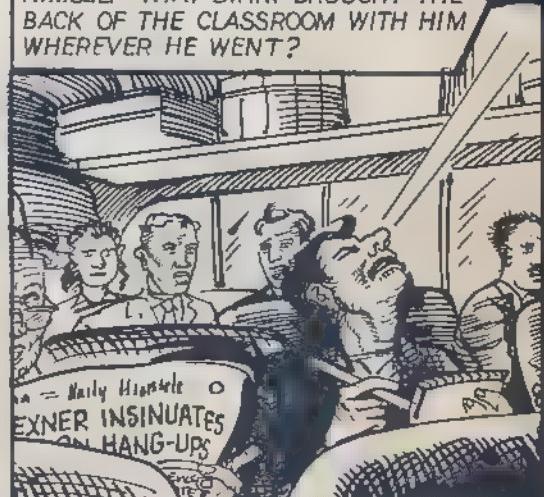
I WAS MILDLY ENTERTAINED, BUT I COULD SEE THAT YOU HAD A PERMANENTLY DAMAGED BRAIN.

GEE, I'LL HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOME OF MY MORE RECENT WORK.

A NOTEWORTHY COLLEGE GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO TAKE ALL HIS SKETCHBOOKS OFF HIS MITTS.



WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A PLEASURABLE ACT BECAME AN OBSESSIVE ROUTINE. - WAS IT ONLY TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF THAT BINKY BROUGHT THE BACK OF THE CLASSROOM WITH HIM WHEREVER HE WENT?



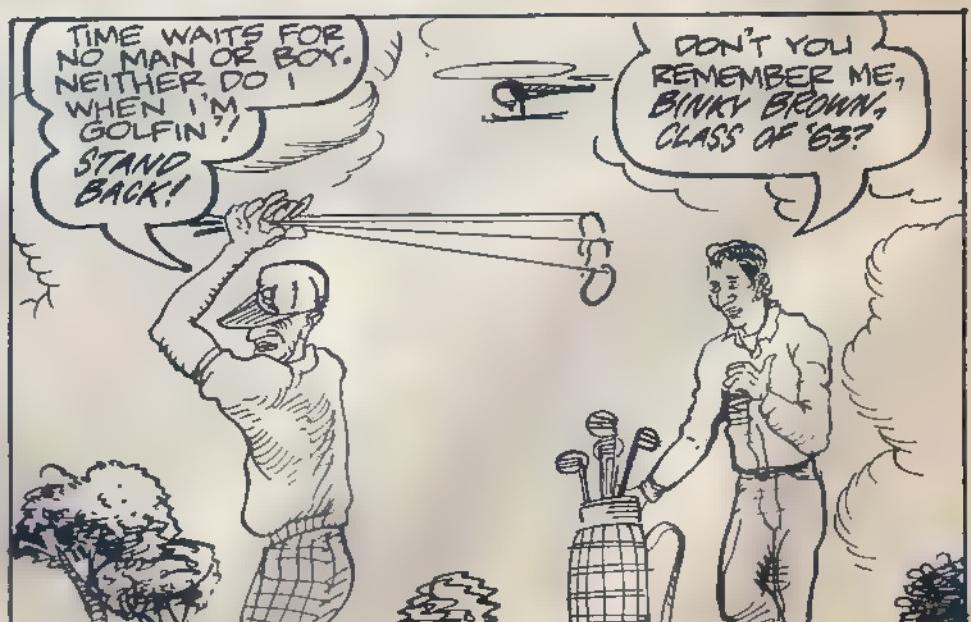
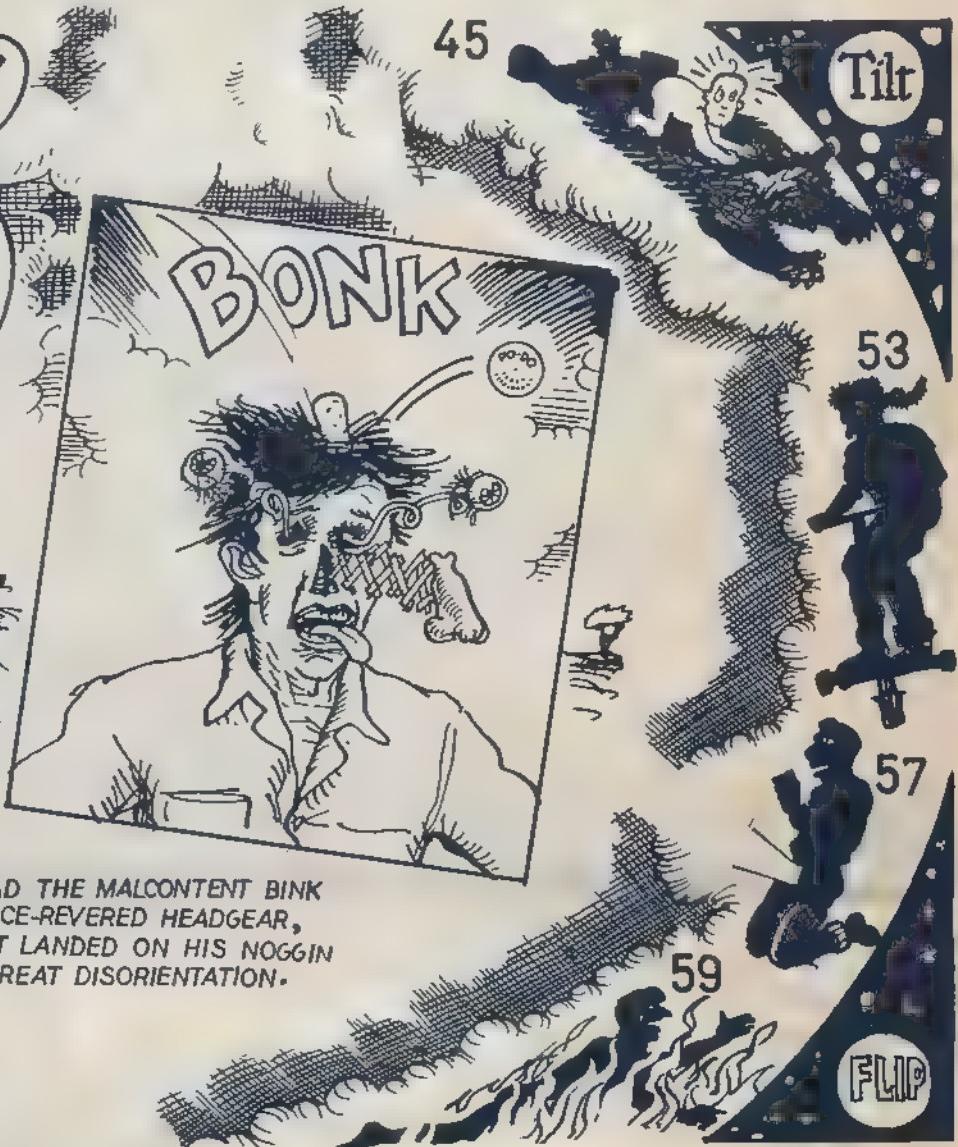
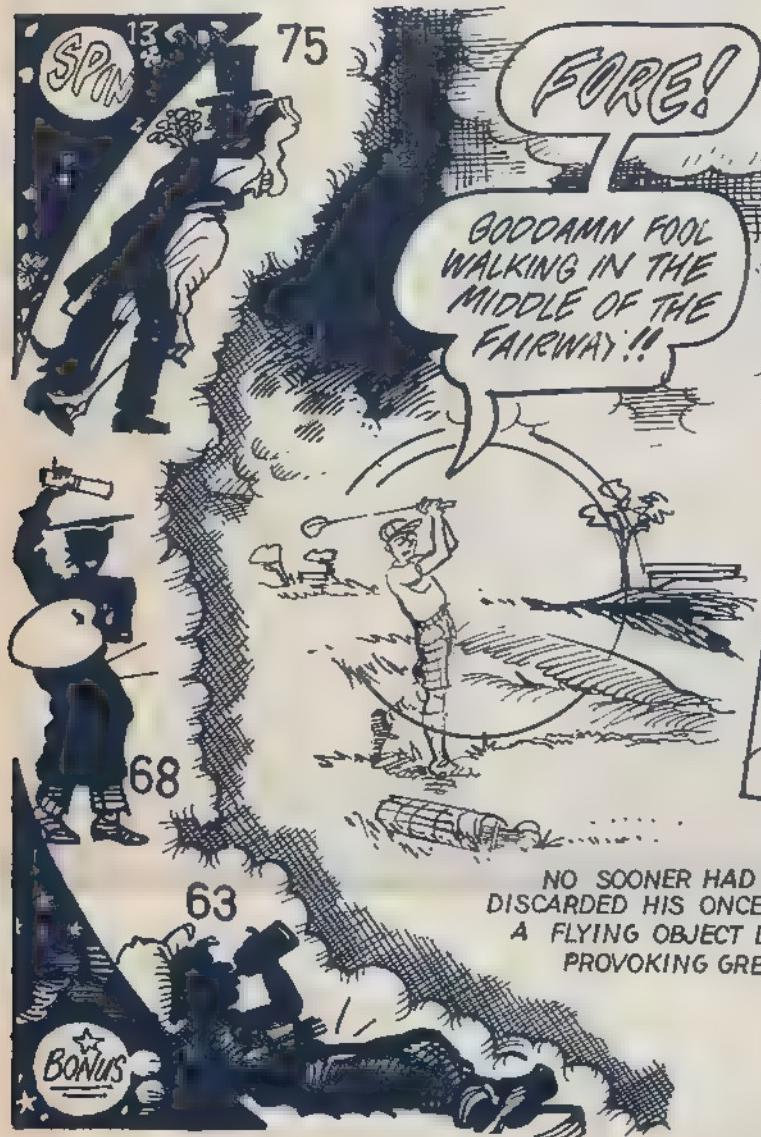
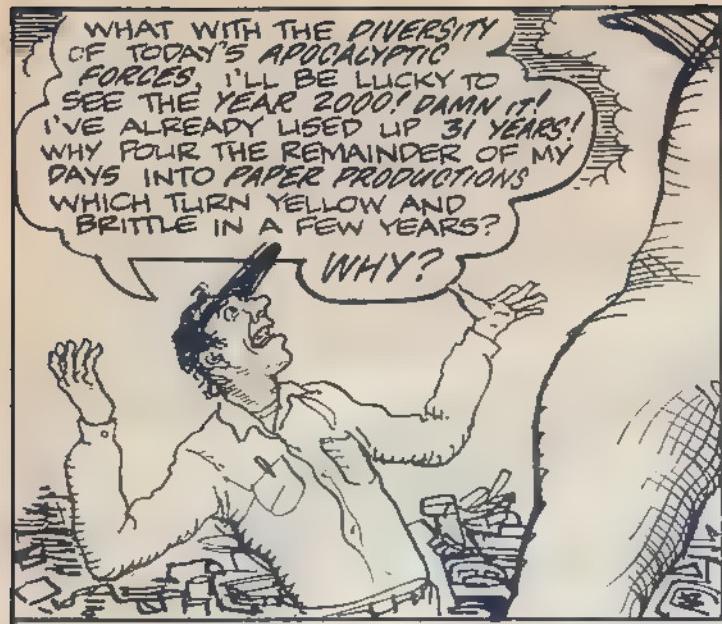
IF SO, HE WAS BARKING UP THE WRONG LEG. FAME MAY SEEK US IN GOOD TIME BUT THOSE MISDIRECTED CHAPS WHO WOO HER ARE SUBJECT TO THE RUBBER GLOVE TREATMENT.

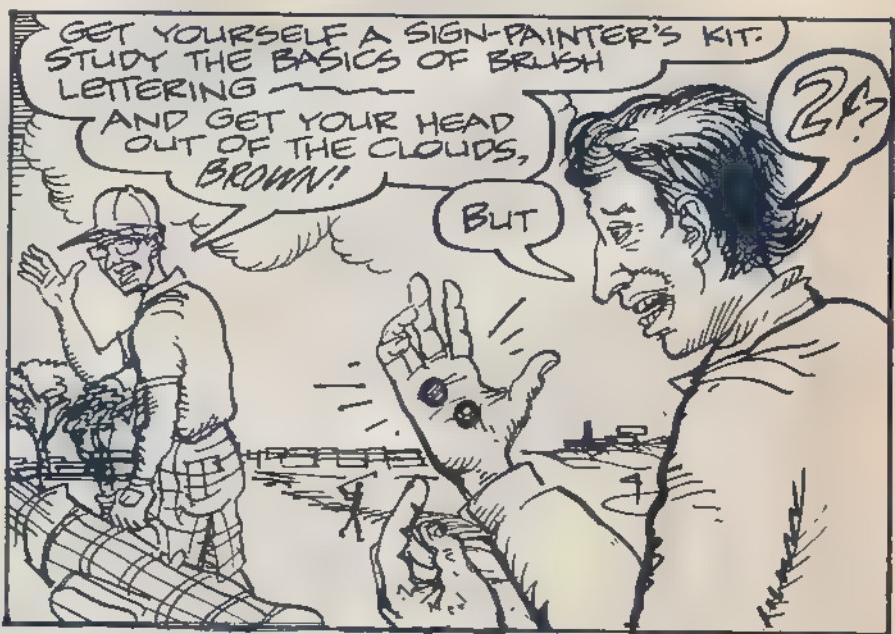
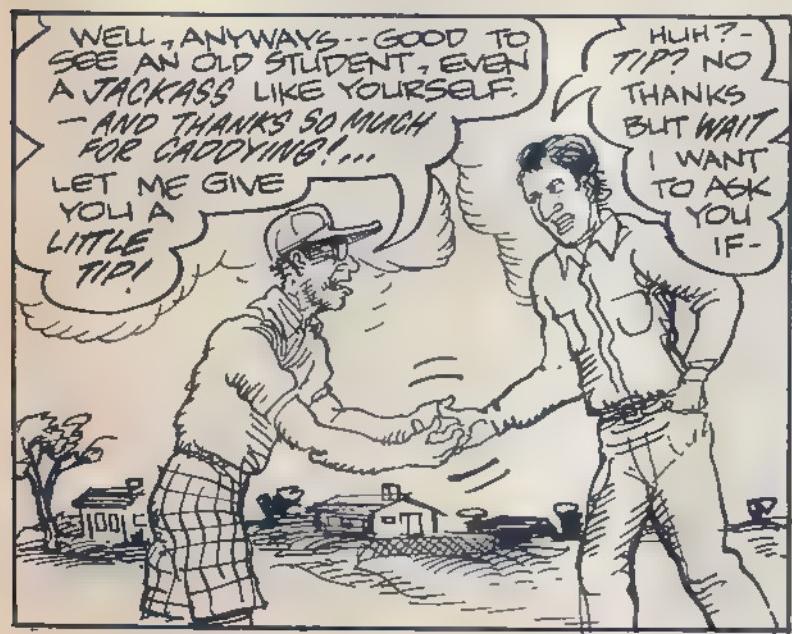
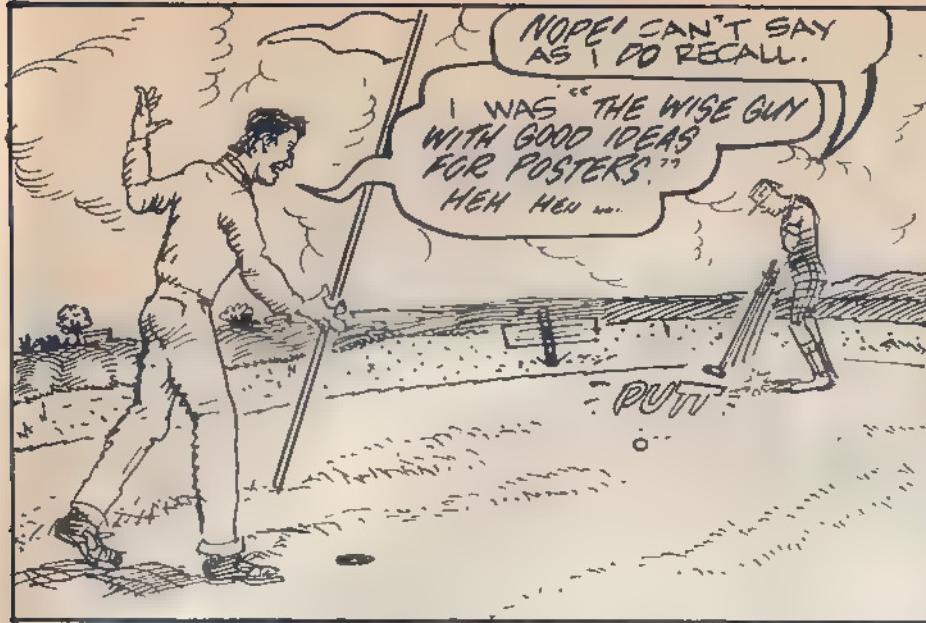


NOT ONLY DAT, I DON'T CONSIDER CARTOONIN' T' BE GREAT ART, SEE?

... BUT IF YOU'RE STILL HACKIN' IN TH' YEAR 2000 I JUST MIGHT GIVE YOU A LITTLE MENTION UNDER "RENEGADE NEUROTICS!"







NATURE IS OVER-GENEROUS TO EACH GENERATION IN PROVIDING AN ABUNDANCE OF ARTISTS. IT IS SOCIETY'S ROLE TO HOLD IN CHECK THIS TENDENCY, WHICH IF LEFT UNOPPOSED WOULD RENDER THE FIELD UNTILLED AND THE CASH REGISTER UNTENDED. THE GEARING OF INHERENT ARTISTIC SKILLS TOWARDS THE MARKETPLACE SHOULD BEGIN IN HIGH SCHOOL; IT IS THE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S JOB TO ACQUAINT THE BUDDING ARTIST WITH THE DEMANDS OF SURVIVAL. THOUGH 15 YEARS LATER, BINKY FOLLOWED THE OLD DEAN'S ADVICE BY TAKING UP A CAREER IN SIGN-PAINTING.

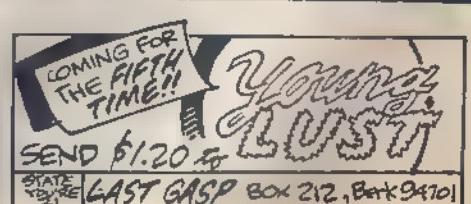
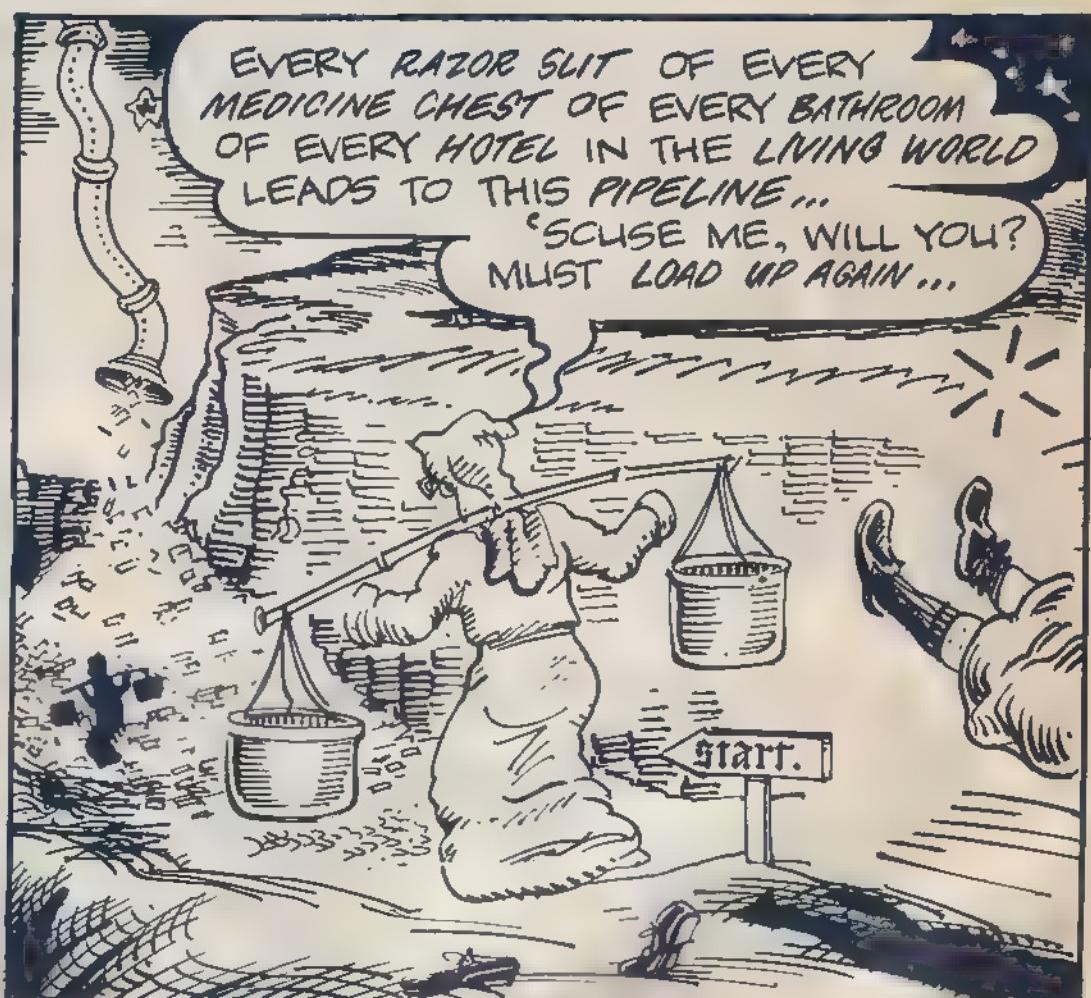
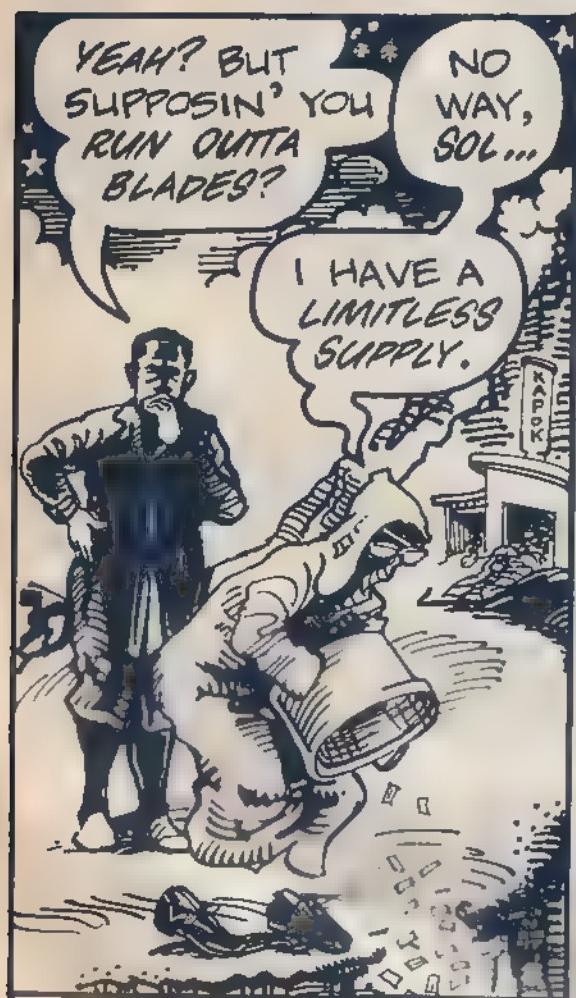
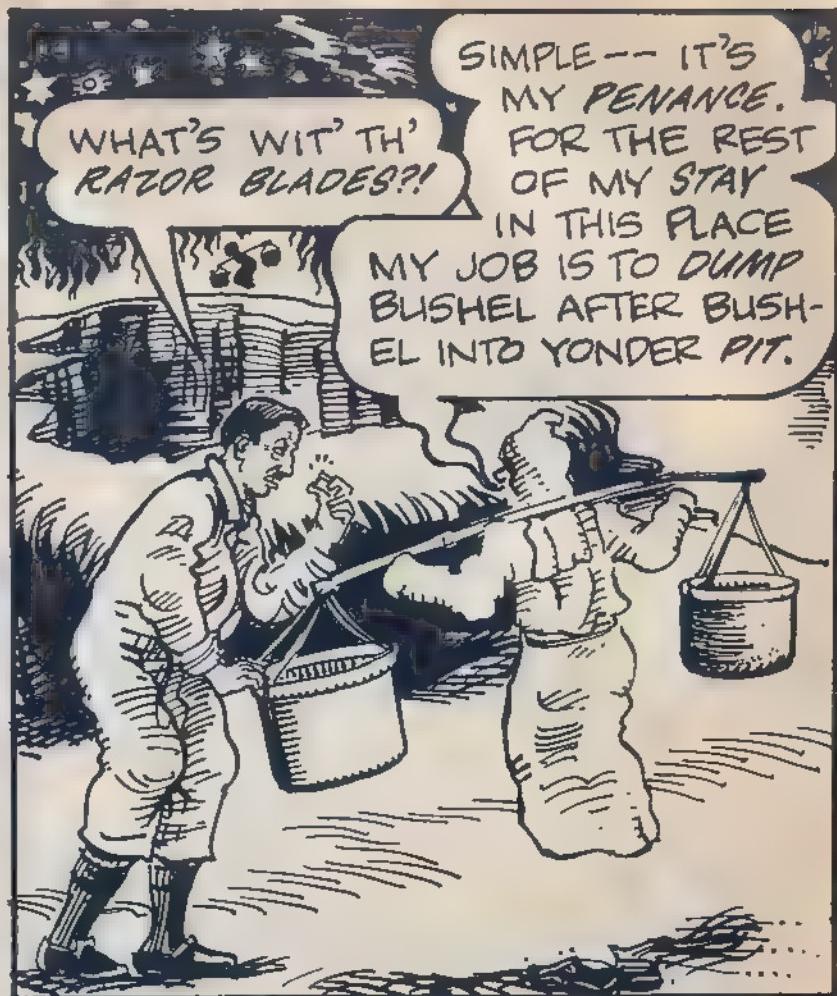
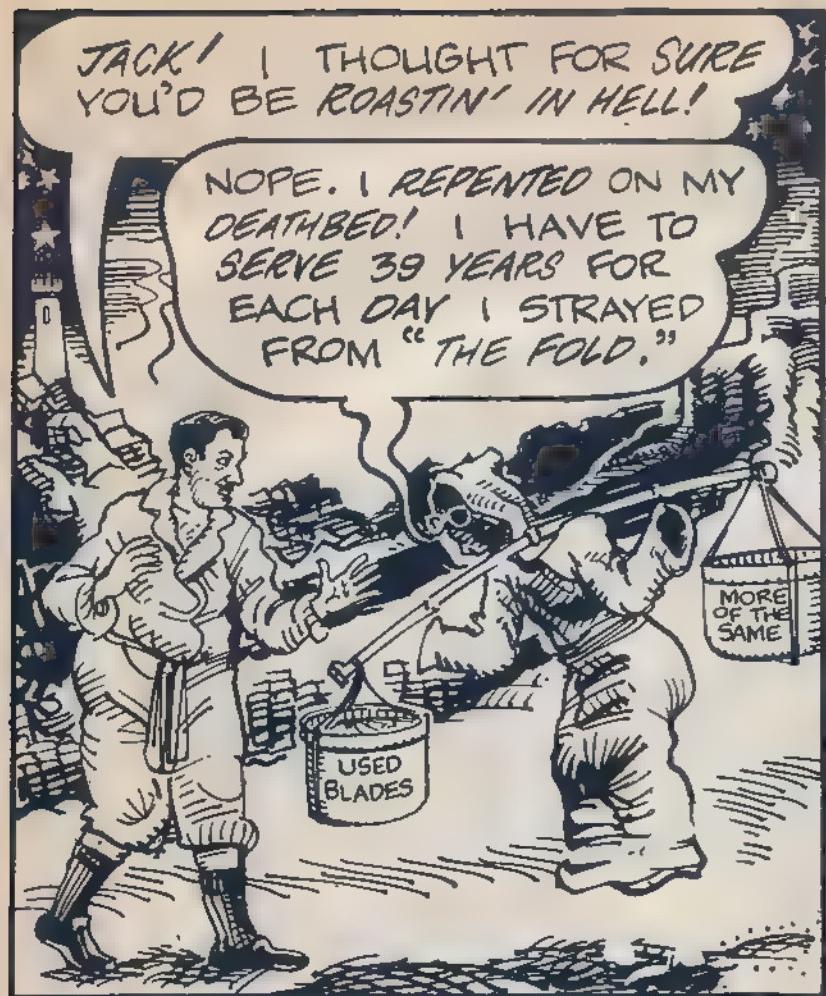
VERN CASH, YOU SCHMUCK, I SALUTE YOU FOR CONVINCING ME TO TAKE THE PLUNGE INTO THIS UNWANTED CAREER BECAUSE IT HAS RENEWED MY DESIRE TO PURSUE THAT CRAZIEST OF CRAFTS - CARTOONING!



# "Sol" Tours Purgatory

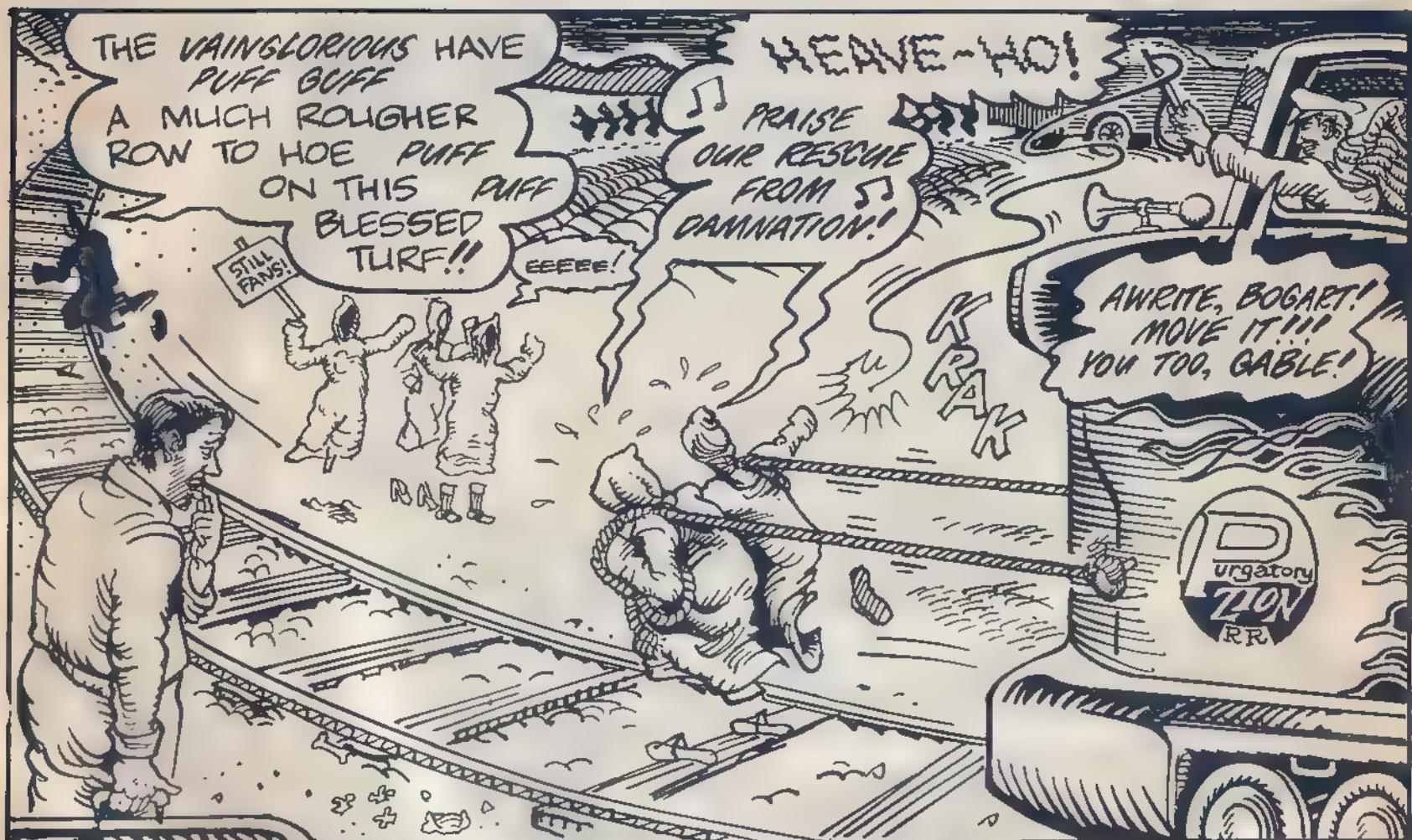
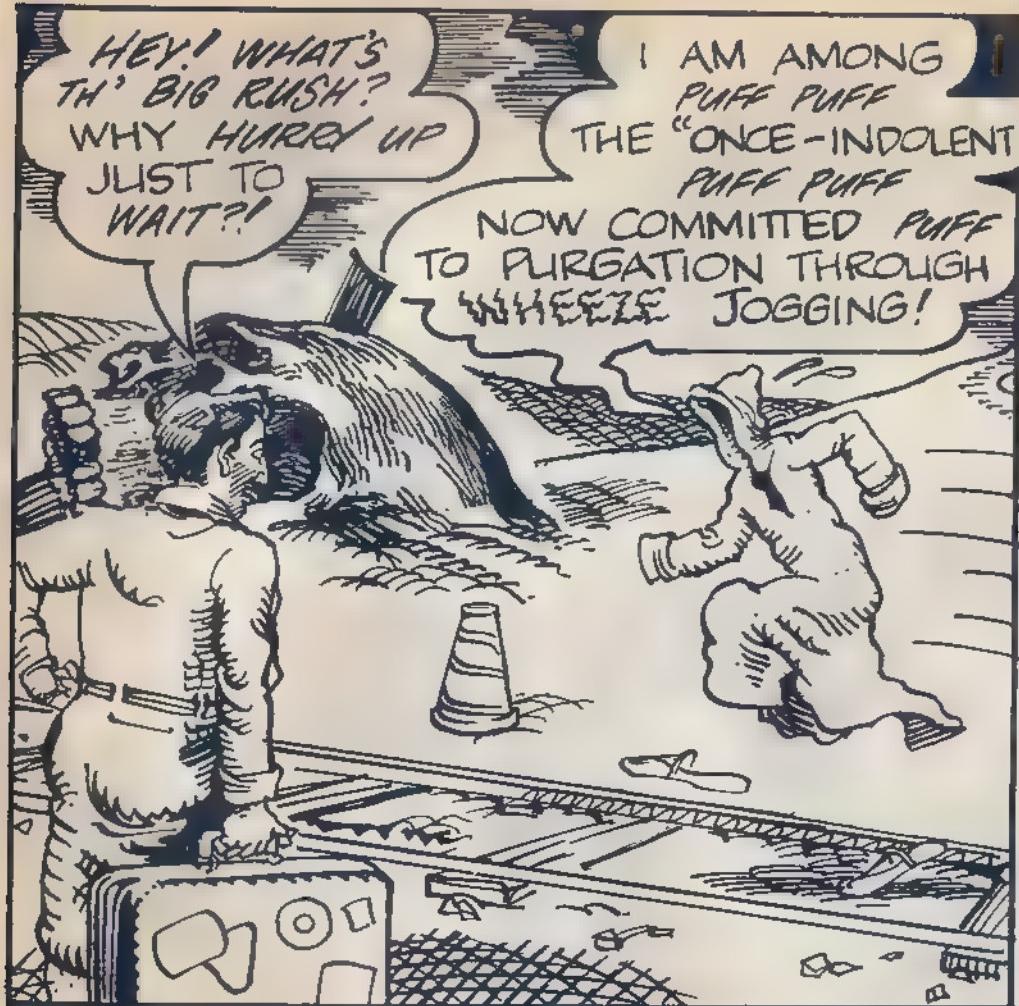
He meets Jack Benny

36



That our load could be much heavier is a just cause to rejoice.

37



AVAILABLE  
NOW FROM LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES • THE TWO FOOLS COMIC BOOK.



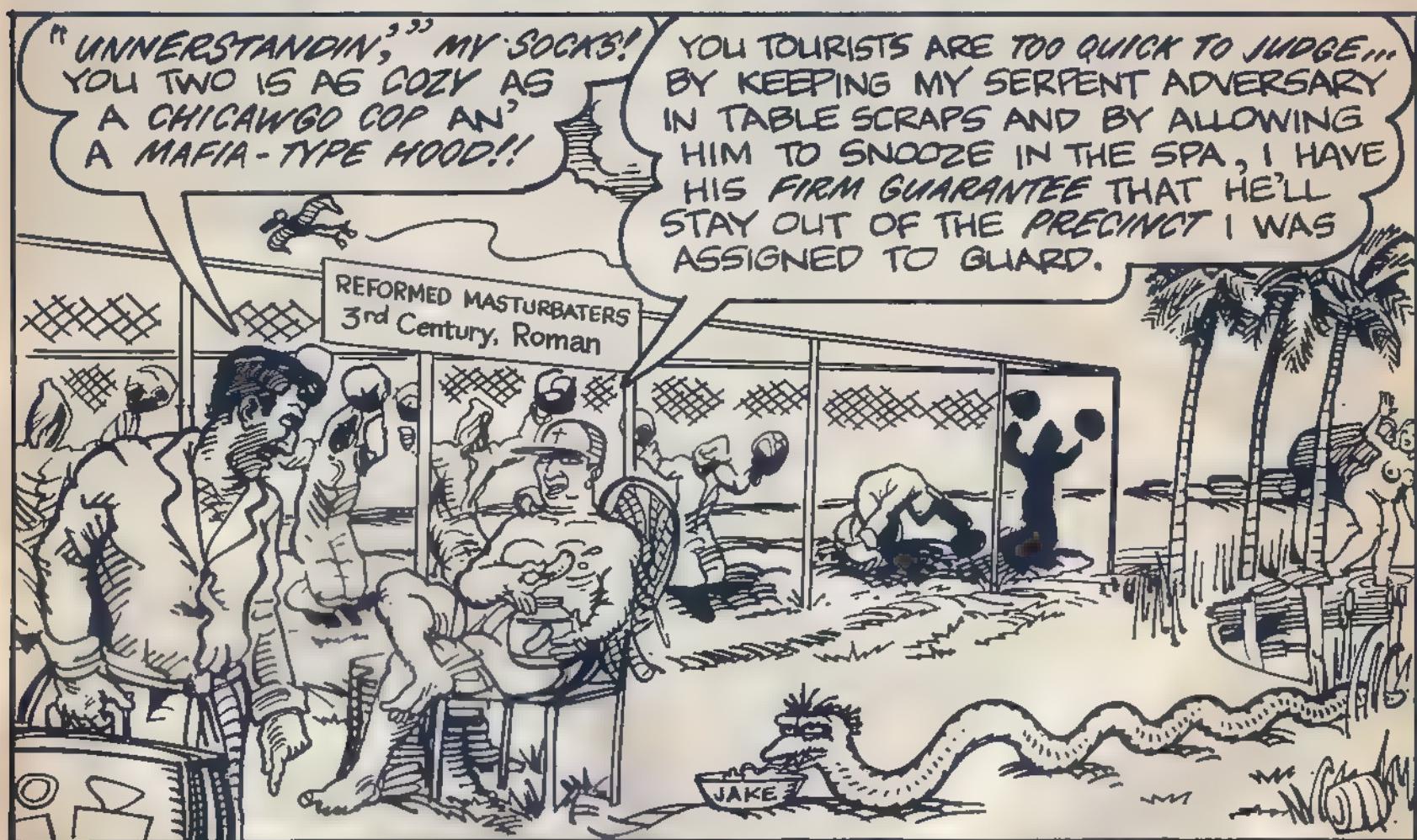
BY TED RICHARDS, THE LATE WILLY MURPHY AND THE VERY MUCH ALIVE JUSTIN GREEN, WITH J. MICHAEL LEONARD ON INKING!

... This is a Funny Book... From the beginning, "2001 Fools Journey to Planet Y"; through the middle, a personal account by Ted Richards, titled "The Origins of the Two Fools"; until the end story "Menage A Trois". I never had a chance to wipe the tears from my eyes... Nathaniel Fanwitz

SEND \$1.00  
PLUS 20¢ FOR  
POSTAGE TO:  
LAST GASP  
ECO-FUNNIES  
2180 BRYANT ST.  
S.F., CALIF.  
94103

In certain sectors, the minions of both Salvation and Temptation relax in each other's company.

38



WHERE CAN YOU FIND  
ALL OF AMERICA'S TOP  
CARTOONISTS IN ONE PLACE?

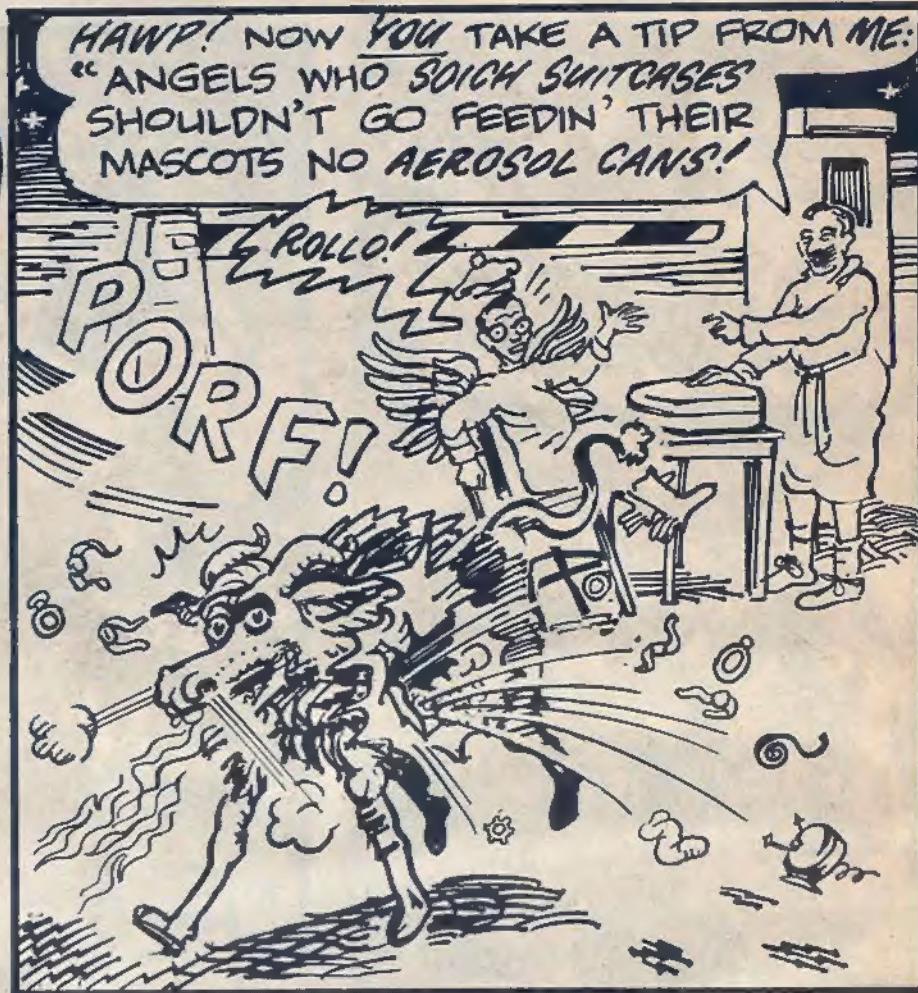
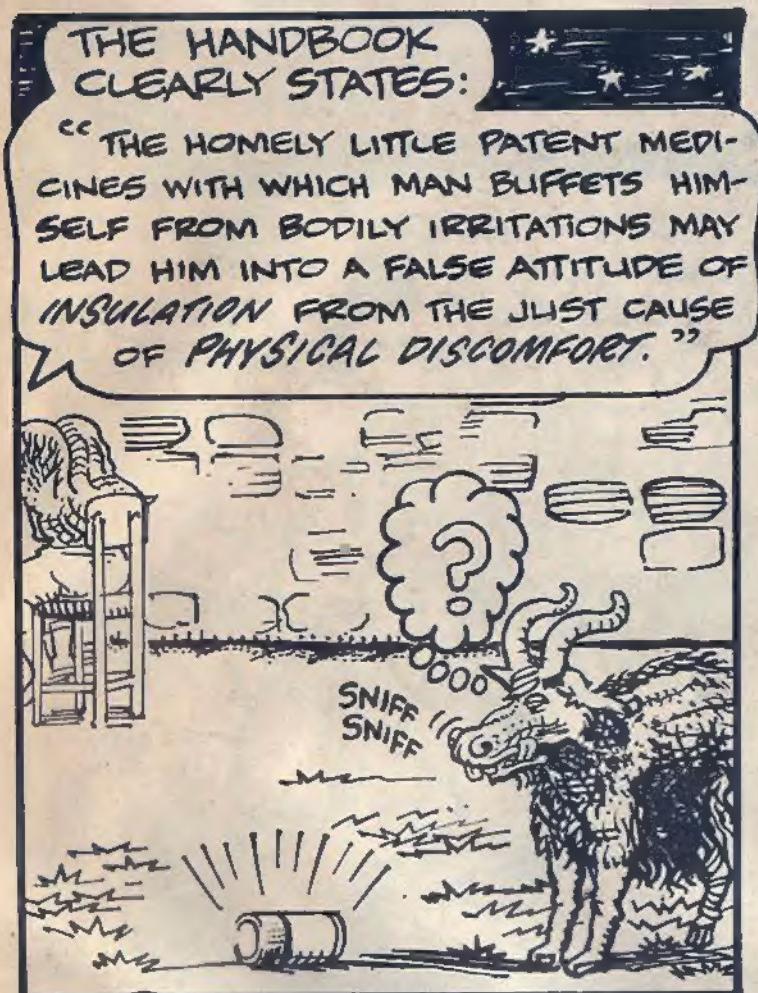
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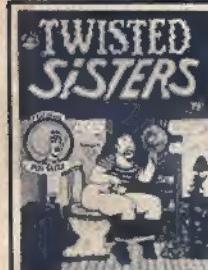
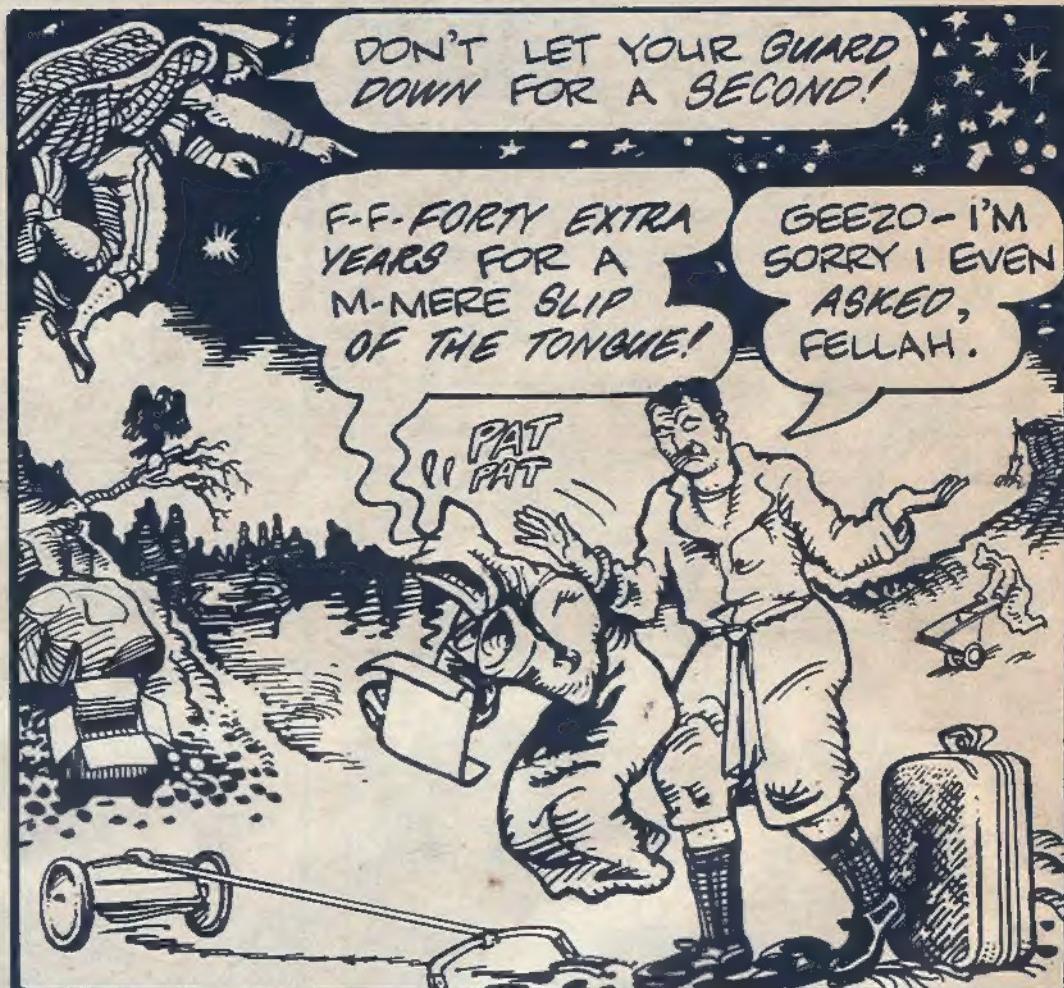
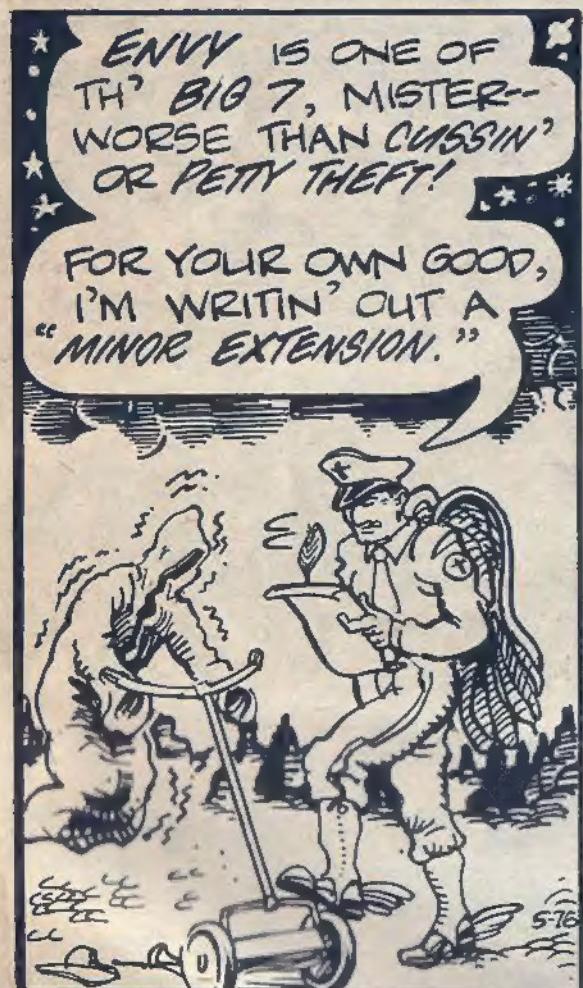
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NEW DAWN MAGAZINE

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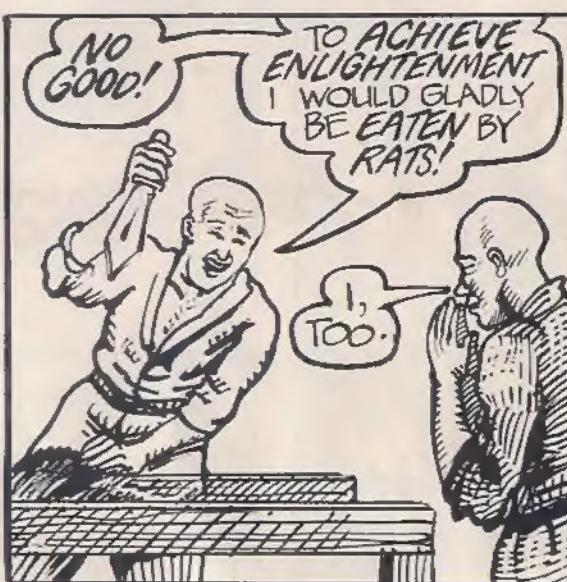
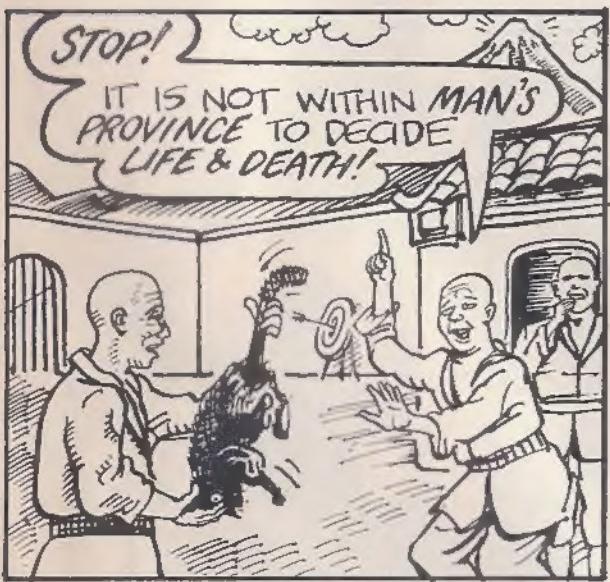
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